National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXIX. NO. 40. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1869. WHOLE NO. 1,496.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 39 Nassau Street, New York.

THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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For rates of Advertising and Club terms see Fourth page.

THE AMENDMENT AMNESTY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 26th, 1869.

THE Congressional event of the past week was the splendid and powerful speech—truly one that well illustrated old Lyman Beecher's picturesque description of eloquence as "logic on fire"—made by Gov. Boutwell on Saturday last, in support of the bill he presented the previous week for the protection of the Political Rights of the citizen. The Governor's logic halted only at one thing, and that was the question of sex. I shall not undertake to describe the manner of the orator, or give the substance of his matter, further than to affirm my belief that his argument was unanswerable and his proofs irrefutable, in support of the position he assumed that the Constitution gave Congress a three-fold power to control and regulate the franchise. He derived this power from the 4th section of the 1st Article, in which the power to pass laws is given in direct terms; from the other section which requires the United States to guarantee a Republican form of government to each State, and from the 1st section of the Fourteenth Article in which citizenship is defined and the States, forbidden to alter, abridge or otherwise impair the privileges and immunities of such citizens by reason of race or color.

The effect of Mr. Boutwell's powerful argument is already to be seen; especially so as to the necessity of passing both this bill, and the Constitutional Amendment. The latter may fail of success in the Senate, but the bill can be passed in the XLI Congress, and if so Gen. Grant will sign it. Should the amendment fail in this Congress, the passage of the bill will strengthen our hands for the future. The Supreme Court has no right to enter upon the questions it will raise, because they are political, and the only decision that can invalidate them would be rendered at the ballot box. When the XLI Congress assembles on the 4th of March there will not be a Radical two-third vote as now, because certain States have not elected their representatives. These are, I believe, Alabama, Georgia, New Hampshire, California and Kentucky. The Radicals will carry about three-fifths of all to be elected, and with the probable completion of reconstruction in Virginia and Mississippi and a majority of Radical members therefrom, the National cause will in December next have more than the required two-thirds of the House, and have in addition regained control of some State Legislatures—Ohio for instance. These considerations will help the Political Rights Bill of Mr. Boutwell. They ought to be potent in directing party influences, such as for instance the *New York Tribune* is able to wield.

That journal seems determined to do its best to destroy the growing National party now forming in the South. Its strange conduct in sustaining the so-called Virginia Conservative Committee in their efforts to destroy the Reconstruction policy leads many here to believe that it is in full sympathy with the well understood desire of Chief Justice Chase to destroy the Radical party, and disintegrate the Democratic organization, and out of the debris to build a party for himself and his policy.

Any movement to enfranchise the rebels at the present moment, before our newly fledged State organizations have got on their feet and even before reconstruction is completed, is certain to destroy the Republican party in the South and place the power into such hands as have obtained control of Georgia. The *Tribune*, as a party paper, constantly illustrates the "boomerang" phenomena. It is constantly throwing missiles which are sure to rebound and bring disorder into its own ranks. The efforts it has made to show "how the sweetness of mercy" will "brew bitter destruction" in the way of urging universal amnesty upon Congress with regard to Virginia are an illustration of this curious policy. There is, it is pleasing to say, but little expectation, so far as I can learn, of its obtaining any change in the reconstruction policy, for the special benefit of its clients—the committee of nine conservative fossils, now here from Richmond, or for *their* clients—the 5,000 rebel office-holders of Virginia whom the enforcement of the disqualifying section of the Fourteenth Article is having the effect of removing from power.

The National Equal Rights Convention met here last week and adjourned after a spirited session of two days. Such an assemblage is a great novelty here, and the proceedings were watched with great interest by large audiences. To some extent a determined effort was made to adopt the policy of demanding that the colored man's enfranchisement should wait upon that of woman. This was defeated, and the Convention in a variety of ways expressed its conviction that each question should stand upon its own merits. The discussions were able and generally temperate and fair in tone, though there was not wanting some marked efforts on the part of leading advocates of the waiting policy to misrepresent the views of those who, while urging and defending the woman's right, insisted that it was altogether unfair to make the 150,000 male colored citizens stand back at this juncture until the country had been educated up to the point of admitting six million of women to the ballot-box. The folly of this policy has just received a conspicious illustration in the motion made by Mr. James Brooks of N. Y., to amend Mr. Boutwell's bill regulating the franchise, by granting the suffrage to all persons over the age of twelve years without regard to sex, color or race.

ASMODEUS.

THE ADDRESS OF GARIBALDI.

THE *Movimento* on the 2d, publishes the following address from Garibaldi to the electors of Ozieri, in the Island of Sardinia, by whom he has just been reelected as a member of the Italian Parliament:

CAPRERA, Dec. 24th, 1868.

If ever a circumstance was calculated to embarrass me, it is certainly my reelection as a member for Gallura. I find myself placed between the affectionate sympathies which I have for the people, who are dear to me, and whom I would serve at the cost of my life, and the repugnance to approach a Government which might be called "the negation of God," as an eminent Englishman called the Government of Naples in 1860. Old Republicans in principle and in practice, my friends and I accepted the monarchy in good faith, and we asked of it only to ameliorate the condition of the unhappy people, to maintain its dignity intact toward the powerful of the earth and the vampire which has oppressed us for ages. But what have we obtained from that Government? Judge for yourselves. By my nature tolerant, I do not like to utter bitter words, and verily I should have respected any government whatever which did good; but does the Government which now rules over Italy do good? My parliamentary friends, among whom is the illustrious Cairoli, have thoroughly filled my place, and defended as they ought the interests of this noble province. But what is to be expected from a government which only knows how to commit exactions, to waste the substance of the people, and become the agent of a foreign power? And if truth is to be respected, must it not be said that the conduct of this Government in connection with the events of the last Roman campaign was a course of treachery? Among a thousand examples listen to this: Profiting by my banishment to Caprera (after Asinalunga), where so much was done to detain me as a prisoner, the Government authorities wished to appear as liberators, and they made known that a few shots alone were required in Rome to open the path to the Capitol: hence the error into which the unfortunate Romans fell, and the immortal seventy, judged by the heroic Henry Cairoli. I, who knew the deceit of these gentlemen, mistrusted their generous idea, and trembling for the fate of those brave men, gave orders to Cairoli to fall back upon us toward the frontier; but it was too late. My first disposition upon the Roman territory was not executed, my message not having reached Cairoli, and I reached the spot after the catastrophe. (I can produce the documents). After my departure from Caprera, which I could not have accomplished without the assistance of my excellent friends of Maddelena and Gallura, I found the movement begun, and my friends and my sons engaged in it. I rushed to the frontier in order to have the honor of taking part in the finest, the most splendid, and the most generous of Roman enterprises—the overthrow of the government of Satan. On the 22d of October I passed the frontier; on the 23d I had joined Menotti's corps; on the 25th we attacked Monte Rotondo; on the 26th we had compelled the Papal army to fall back within the boundaries of Rome. That army blew up, in fear, the bridges behind it, and we were under the walls of the old capital of the world—a den of all that is most hideous in the human race—the greatest of Italian glories, and, in a word, a capital without which Italy is not Italy, but merely a vain word to call up a pitying smile. On the 3d of November this handful of young men—whom a government, which I blush to call Italian, not only abandoned but sold, not only did not assist but despoiled of their muskets, their ammunition, and their bread—fought at Mentana. This handful of young men—robbed and betrayed—belonged to those who had enriched the arsenals of the State with more material than they had ever possessed. And if you are told that in 1860 these young men were not dissuaded, but, on the contrary, aided, say to those who tell you so that they lie, and that I will prove it whenever they like. The same foxes with the same snares set to work in 1860 as in 1867, but no resistance on their part, unless when it was not wanted, and by order of Bonaparte, and to please him, they marched in 1860 against us with an army of 40,000 men, exposing thus the country to a fratricidal war. (See the diplomatic note of Farinito-Bonaparte). And this handful of young men whom the brave fellows were not allowed to join, while the scum of the vile police agents were allowed to demoralize them and induce them to desert—this handful of young men, I say, deprived of the material most necessary to the soldier who fights, struggled for half a day at Mentena against two armies, and for a time was master of the field. My dear friends, I thougbt you would not be indifferent to my course, more revolutionary than parliamentary, and I am disposed to think you will be convinced that the members cannot be healthy while the heart is diseased. I feel, therefore, that I have served the cause of Gallura upon the banks of the Tiber, where the heart of the Italian nation throbs in suffering. As to the inviolability attributed to the member of parliament, you know how it is respected in Italy. It is not that motive, therefore, which impels me to accept the trust you have confided to me, but rather the love I feel for this dear population which is content with my feeble capacity, and which I will serve, perhaps very badly, but at least with all my heart and soul.

Yours for life, G. GARIBALDI.

NOW OR NEVER!

From the Wilmington Daily Commercial, Jan. 20th.

FIRST, the conquering of Rebellion; Second, thorough and just Reconstruction; Third, *Peace.*

We have the first; we want the third; have we the second?

Our answer is No! We have not either thorough or just Reconstruction. We have built the arch of Peace, but we have not fixed the keystone. To the careless observer the arch seems perfect; to the earnest and close examiner, it is plain that it is not secure. It may fall at any moment.

The vital principle of Congressional Reconstruction was the colored vote. All other features were subordinate and unimportant.

By the sweeping act of justice, by which the black men of the South received full citizenship, the disloyalty of that section was neutralized and checked, if not overcome, and until the step was taken, Reconstruction remained a mournful and wretched failure.

But is the suffrage secured to these citizens? We say not at all. The Constitution, by a Republican Amendment, now concedes, what till this amendment, it had forever denied, that a State may disfranchise, at will, any of its citizens. What, then, is to hinder Georgia from taking away the ballot from the colored men? Nothing, but the penalty fixed in the Fourteenth Amendment. If she disfranchises two-fifths of her voters, she cuts off two-fifths her representation in Congress.

Now, gentlemen in Congress, will that deter Georgia? Will it deter the South, collectively? Will not the old ruling class of slaveholding aristocrats prefer to send thirty of themselves to Congress, rather than, (permitting the negroes to vote) send fifty Republicans? Surely you can hardly doubt it. Then mark this fact: The members chosen to the Forty-First Congress, by the elections thus far held, are 134 Republicans, and 71 Democrats. Now, 11 of these Republicans are from the South. More would be, if there had been a fair election. But elections, when all colored citizens are disfranchised by State action, will be yet more unfair, and then even these eleven will be Democrats. Furthermore, when the House is full, by the readmission of all the States, Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, Texas, and Virginia, will send 30 representatives. Without the colored vote, every man will be a Democrat. Then you will have in the XLIId Congress 71 Democrats, as now; plus 11 in place of Republicans; plus 30 newly admitted, plus 3 from Connecticut; total 115. If the Republicans should carry the loyal States as fully as now, they will have 127. And thus will be composed the full House of 242 members:

Republicans, 127; Democrats, 115; Rep., Maj., 12.

A change of seven votes, then, stands between Republican supremacy and Republican overthrow in the Forty-Second Congress, the representation in which can hardly be reached in time by the census of 1870.

Messrs. Congressmen, many of you came in by a close vote, last fall. Are you sure that there will be no more Democratic gains, in 1870?

But let us finish our arch. Let us fix the keystone. As it now stands, imperfect, unfinished, it will crumble at the slightest blow! Place the centre and crowning piece, and it will endure, forever, all the shocks of political conflict.

This Congress can propose an Amendment to the States, which will secure suffrage to every mature, sane, and law-abiding American citizen.

The next Congress will not.

Forty-three days yet remain.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY held its Thirty-Fifth Annual Meeting, in Horticultural Hall, Boston, on Friday, January twenty-ninth, 1869.

The meeting was called to order at 10 1-2 o'clock a. m., Rev. JOHN T. SARGENT, President, in the chair.

After prayer by Rev. Mr. GRIMES, the President made a few introductory remarks, after which Committees were appointed, consisting of the following persons:

COMMITTEE ON NOMINATIONS.

JAMES N. BUFFUM,
STEPHEN S. FOSTER,
SARAH J. NOWELL.

COMMITTEE ON BUSINESS.

WENDELL PHILLIPS,
ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
AARON M. POWELL,
CHAS. K. WHIPPLE,
STEPHEN S. FOSTER.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
EDWARD M. DAVIS,
SALLIE HOLLEY.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, for the Business Committee, read the following resolutions:

Resolved, That profoundly grateful as we are for the marked progress of our cause, and for its many important victories, we recognize in the political proscription of hundreds of thousands of the colored citizens of the Border and Northern States, in their social ostracism, in the prevalent relentless prejudice against colored people, and in the doubtful if not perilous state of even the political rights of the race South, the active presence of the unexorcised spirit of slavery, and we earnestly summon all abolitionists and true friends of freedom to renewed and continued effort until complete triumph shall have been realized, until all legal disabilities and all invidious distinctions on account of color shall have been abolished.

Resolved, That in the interest of impartial freedom, for the speedy suppression of rebel violence, for the promotion of peace, for the vindication of justice and of the nation's outraged honor, we demand of the Fortieth Congress, though it be at the eleventh hour, the impeachment and prompt deposition of Andrew Johnson from the office of President of the United States.

Resolved, That we urge Congress to immediately pass an impartial Political Rights Bill, which shall secure in every State to all citizens of the United States, irrespective of race or complexion differences, the right to vote and eligibility to office.

Resolved, That justice to the negro and due regard to the peace and prosperity of the nation, as well as fidelity to its pledges, demand an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting any distinction in the States or the nation in civil and political rights and privileges on account of race, color or previous condition.

Resolved, That we beseech the nation to put an end to the danger which has dogged the steps of the republic ever since its birth, and to the angry agitation of fifty years, by petitions and appeals to Congress, which shall be irresistible for the adoption of such an amendment.

Resolved, That we urge the legislature of this Commonwealth, now in session, promptly to instruct our senators and request our representatives in Congress to give all their influence and aid toward securing such an amendment of the national Constitution.

Resolved, That we call on the incoming administration for such a rigorous and impartial execution of the laws as will make the lives and property of all men, black and white, native and foreign, southern and northern, safe in all parts of the lately rebellious States.

Resolved, That in conformity with the radical idea of American civilization, as a preventive of future danger, and as a measure indispensable to the perpetuity of our republic, we call on legislatures everywhere and on the community generally, and especially on the churches, to spare no effort for the total destruction of the spirit of caste, wherever and in whatever it shows itself.

Resolved, That we greatly deplore the inexcusable and unchristian indifference of the large body of popular churches and clergy to the proscription of the colored people, and the continued denial of their rights in this critical hour of incomplete reconstruction; and we exhort the clergy and members of churches of all denominations, to remember, not alone the old time sins of the Jews, but also "to cry aloud and spare not" against the threatening sins, both of omission and commission, involving human rights, of compromising American politicians.

Resolved, That we welcome to Boston and to our meeting the Hon. J. Willis Menard and the Hon. J. M. Simms, representatives of the loyalty, and victims at present of the indifference of the nation.

Mr. PHILLIPS, after the reading of these resolutions, spoke of the good fortune of the meeting in having before them the two gentlemen named in the last of the series, the best witnesses of the present state of the South, and the present necessities of the colored people.

Mr. PHILLIPS went on to speak of the immense disadvantage which our government and policy have undergone from the prejudices of race and color originally mingled in them. He remarked in terms of congratulation upon the presence of Mr. Sims, referred to in the resolutions, who was a brother of Thomas Sims, who was carried from Boston a fugitive Slave. Mr. Sims, he stated, was also one of the expelled members of the Georgia Legislature. Both he and Mr. Menard came not as mere theorists to speak on newspaper authority, but of what they had seen and experienced in the South. Mr. PHILLIPS adverted to the progress which had been made in the cause in recent years, and indicated the important work yet to be done in emancipating the nation from prejudice against color.

STEPHEN S. FOSTER was the next speaker.

What the Anti-Slavery people had to consider now, he said, was the work yet to be done, and the means for carrying it forward. He considered that in point of fact Gen. Lee was still in Richmond, and the thing to be done was to get him out. Lee has not surrendered yet. The slave power is not dead, only defeated. It does not acknowledge itself conquered, but avows its determination to struggle yet for the mastery. Mr. Foster had been in favor of uniting the two questions, woman suffrage and negro suffrage, but since the Society thought otherwise, he thought we should go on and fight out the negro question to the end. To-day we have three-fourths of the Republican party with us as in time past we had three-fourths of them against us. We ought to be ashamed of ourselves if twelve months pass over our heads before this question is settled—leave all other issues, to gain the Constitutional Amendment. Make it the pronounced sentiment of this nation Mr. Foster considered that the first step was to empty our pockets into the treasury. If Massachusetts can give immense sums to elect Grant about whom we know nothing, cannot we give our money to help a cause so dear to us all. The question comes up for settlement whether we will close up this coptroversey this year or let it drag on for weary years to come. He could not turn from this until it was finished up. One thing remained to be done, which was to incorporate universal or manhood suffrage into the Constitution of the United States. There was no fault now in the Constitution, the trouble was it was misinterpreted by a perverted people; the framers of the Constitution did their work perfectly, but an amendment was necessary now, that a distinct declaration for liberty, justice, and equality should be made to define exactly the position of the colored race in this country. In order to accomplish this end, the final battle of the Anti-Slavery party would have to be fought. The negro and the woman question should be kept separate, and the former settled first. The friends of the proposed Constitutional Amendment had three-fourths of the Republican party on their side, and it would soon be placed on the statute book as the pronounced sentiment of the nation.

The President then introduced Hon. J. WILLIS MENARD, Member of Congress elect from New Orleans, who was greeted with warm applause. He did not wish to be considered as speaking disrespectfully of this government when he said that he felt more honored to stand on the anti-slavery platform than to stand on the floor of Congress in Washington. The work of the Anti-Slavery Society was to plant the institutions and ideas of New England throughout the whole country, and its work was not complete until a church and schoolhouse was located on every plantation in the South. The ballot given to the negro with only partial protection had become a weapon in the hands of despots. Suffrage without protection was valueless. The work was but half done; its blessed results had only begun to be visible, and it should go on until every citizen, woman included, should have the right to vote and be protected in that right. But if the public mind was not yet ready to give woman the ballot, it would be unjust to withhold it from the negro until public opinion was ready to confer it upon both. Woman suffrage and negro suffrage were not necessarily connected and should be fought for separately. The conduct of the government in refusing to punish treason had given every traitor encouragement to rebel against his country, and a peaceful state of society would not exist until the Republican party pursued a more rigorous course. One great object to which the Anti-Slavery Society should turn its attention, the speaker thought, was to obtain homesteads for the freedmen, for when they became owners of property in land, they would be independent of their former masters, and could act as their consciences dictated. Emigration also should be encouraged, for the only hope of loyalty in the South was the emigration of intelligent people from the Northern States. The colored men, as a race, had been praised too much; they should be criticised freely, and stand only on their own merits. The negro should prove to the world that he was capable of self-government, and show that the assertions of the leaders in the anti-slavery movement in this regard were true.

ABBY KELLEY FOSTER inquired of Mr. Menard whether his color was the only, or the main source of the opposition made to his election in Louisiana.

Mr. Menard replied that he had been elected to fill a vacancy, and he thought if it was decided that there was such a vacancy he would be given his seat in Congress; that his color would be more in his favor than against him in securing his rights.

Mr. SARGENT then introduced Mr. JAMES M. SIMS, one of the expelled members (on account of his color) from the Legislature of Georgia, who was received with applause.

Mr. SIMS said that the future seemed to him full of hope and promise; every person, he thought, in the United States over twenty years of age, irrespective of race, class, or sex, was destined to have and be protected in the right of suffrage throughout the land. The condition and feelings of the colored race in the South were described by this speaker, and their gradual progress since the close of the war. He said he never heard any of them express a desire for revenge, or claim that they should be paid for their past services; their great wish was to possess land. When the ballot was given to the negro, he did not have to be told whom to vote for, for they know this instinctively, but only how to act in going to the polls and depositing their ballots. In 1867 when the black man was first allowed to vote, God seemed to have put it into the heart of the white race to stay at home, for if the black man had been opposed then, many of them having the old fear of their masters would have failed to appear at the polls, and the result would have been far less satisfactory. The second time they went to the polls the negro felt he was as free as the white man; he kept his head clear, right triumphed, and the Constitutional Amendment was adopted. The ninety thousand colored men in Georgia could have elected a majority of the members of the legislature, but in deference to the opinion of those they considered their friends in the North, they elected less than they had sent to the Constitutional Convention, and sent only thirty-one to the State Capitol. The white members being in the majority, the colored members were expelled, he among the number. The cruel atrocities perpetrated on negroes in Georgia were described by Mr. SIMS, some of which he had himself witnessed. Three hundred colored persons were wounded and murdered in Georgia during the year 1868, he said, three-fifths of them since the expulsion of the colored representatives in the legislature.

He spoke in detail of the condition of the Southern colored men, and described how the lands, which had been given them by Gen. Sherman in Georgia, were afterward taken away by Andrew Johnson under the amnesty proclamation. This was a hardship of the severest kind to them and worked a complete temporary demoralization. The intervention of the Bureau officers and the army was in one or two cases necessary to quiet the uproar and confusion. After the excitement was over their first instructive effort was to purchase land. This was still their chief desire, and was almost a universal one. The speaker eulogized the work and the fidelity of the teachers sent down by the Freedmen's societies to instruct the blacks. The enthusiasm with which the freedmen accepted the ballot was also dwelt upon.

The orderly character of the election in the State of Georgia was referred to. No disturbance or violation of State or municipal law was reported, though 90,000 black votes and 110,000 white votes were cast. The speaker thought that this first occasion of the use of the ballot by the colored men was a triumphant vindication of what the Abolitionists had claimed for them in respect to the qualities of manhood and good citizenship.

The ballot on the Constitution was attended with some crowding and elbowing, but no fighting occurred. The whites were unarmed, though not in a very peaceable frame of mind. The speaker said that the blacks had a decided majority in the State, but in deference to the advice of their Northern white friends they voted in many cases for white members of the Legislature. Thus the whites obtained a decided majority in both houses. The colored men felt no apprehension, however, that their rights would not be respected, because of the fair spirit manifested by the whites in Constitutional Convention. It proved that they were sadly mistaken, and the black members were accordingly expelled—thus nullifying the law of Congress. Among these white representatives was a Mr. Tumley, a pretended Republican, who got only one white vote in his county, and that he cast himself. It was a favorite dodge of the so-called Republican Speaker of the House to vacate the chair in favor of a Democrat whenever any mischievous rulings respecting the blacks were desired. Twenty-four were thus expelled because they were unmistakably of African descent. Four were allowed to remain a few days till it could be ascertained whether they had more than one-eight African blood in their veins, which fact being established they too were expelled.

After this, a reign of terror was attempted in the State, and the Camilla outrage quickly followed. The circumstances of this affair were detailed by the speaker, and the murder of Walker was described. The whites shot him several miles from the place where the trouble begun, and resolved to give his body to the crows. After it had laid on the ground four days a negro went one night and buried it, but before he had reached his home he too was shot, though not killed.

During 1868 three hundred colored men had been killed in Georgia by the whites and no arrests had been made, and more crimes of all kinds and less punishment prevailed since the expulsion of the colored men from the Legislature and its reconstruction on the principle of a white man's government. Most of the black leaders had fled to Atlanta, where they now remain for safety. At the close of the speaker's remarks, the meeting adjourned.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The president, taking the chair at the hour to which the meeting was adjourned, introduced as the first speaker of the afternoon, CHARLES W. SLACK Esq., Editor of *The Commonwealth.*

Mr. Slack said he thought that while the immediate duty in hand was the securing the ballot to the blacks, yet he thought the claim of woman to suffrage might with propriety be advocated at the same time. He believed that the proposed amendment of the Constitution would be carried, notwithstanding the apparent lukewarmness of too many members of Congress. Politicians are cunning, though sometimes cowardly, and he believed that Congress would not dare adjourn and return to the people without submitting such an amendment to the States. He indorsed Gen. Grant as an Anti-Slavery man, both from what he had said and from the character of the men who attached themselves to his fortunes in giving him the presidential nomination as well as the obligations which as a man of integrity Grant had assumed in accepting that nomination, on the Chicago platform.

He looked confidently forward to Grant's inaugural for the key note which should sound the opening of a new advance in the march of freedom. The Republican party has but one path of safety, and that is to go forward in the direction of human rights. He expressed his congratulations on the prosperity and vigor of the old Anti-Slavery organization. Let none suppose that these meetings and their utterances are fruitless or without immediate influence. He had recently published a speech of Wendell Phillips in his paper, and immediately received a request from the conservative representative of Boston in Congress, Hon. Samuel Hooper, to send him three copies, saying that Gen. Grant wanted one, Mr. Stanton another, and the third was for himself—all were desirous to learn the views of Mr. Phillips. He urged, therefore, that the abolitionists should keep up their organization and be sure that none of their utterances would fail to be read and pondered by those eminent in authority.

Rev. GILBERT HAVEN, Editor of *Zion's Herald* in this city, was the next speaker. [Mr. Haven's address will appear next week.—Ed.]

Mrs. Foster here made an appeal in behalf of the Finance Committee, urging the great importance of immediate and earnest work in the doubtful States during the present exigency.

This Society, she said, must not and cannot die until its work be accomplished. Any given amount of money in our work will accomplish ten times more toward a settlement of our country's troubles than the same sum in even the most advanced political organization. Whatever we accomplish will remain; and we ask all the help you can give for present use in this crisis. Mr. PHILLIPS desired to say a most hearty Amen to the remarks of the last speaker in regard to holding up the hands of this society. If we had a dozen agents like the one who has just set down, we should have no need to ask the audience for anything.

Mr. Phillips then read an additional resolution, as follows:

Resolved, That as a result of the revolution now in progress in Cuba, we hail with great satisfaction the prospect of the early entire abolition of slavery in that island.

Mr. Phillips referred to four colored children, in an Orphan Asylum of Boston, who came from the vicinity of Jeff Davis's home, and stated that it would be a good Anti-Slavery work if any person in the audience would endeavor to secure them a home.

Mr. W. J. LINTON spoke to the resolution. He was authorized to state that the independence of Cuba secured the abolition of slavery there. That independence was certain, whatever might happen to retard it, and abolition was certain with it. He claimed, therefore, the sympathy of the Anti-Slavery Society for the Cuban Patriots. The government of the United States would not sympathize with them. Congress talked only of annexation or a protectorate. Cuba wanted neither but a fair chance to begin her own Republican life. There he believed the great question of the amalgamation of the black and white races would be tried under happier auspices, and less difficulty than here, and upon that ground he asked their sympathy. For their own agitation he bade them not desist, but go on with yet firmer will, not trusting in politicians, but continuing to act as the conscience of the people compelling, the people to force their representatives into honest action.

EDWARD M. DAVIS of Philadelphia next came forward, saying that he heartily seconded the ideas just expressed by Mrs. FOSTER; that he had been greatly interested in the speech of Mr. Sims, at the morning session, and he had been thinking ever since, what he should do to help reinstate that gentlemen in his seat in the Legislature and to help Georgia generally. He had been much struck with the remark made by Mr. Sims, that there was not a journal in all the State of Georgia which dared to advocate liberal ideas. Now he (the speaker) thought that there was no better way to bring about a right state of things in that State, than to circulate there, freely, THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD. Of course, this, like every other matter, required money to accomplish it, and he appealed to the audience to aid the Society, to the extent of their ability, to attain the above object. Arguments are useless, the work must be done, and money must be given to do it with.

Mrs. F.E. W. HARPER, who was the next speaker, agreed with Mr. Menard in thinking that colored people had been too much flattered, but on the other hand, she had heard also from this platform that Boston was the black man's Paradise. She (Mrs. H——), had never been in Paradise, but she had an idea that it was a very different place from Boston. She considered that the condition of colored people in the North is yet very bad. She had traveled through the South since the war, she had entered their lowly cabins, she had mingled with them everywhere, but she had never seen the same degree of wretchedness and degradation in all the South as she had witnessed in the Northern city of Philadelphia. That state of things is owing to the spirit of caste. The deadly upas tree of prejudice at the North, its poisonous roots everywhere must be torn up, the colored people must have a fair chance, and all will be well. The colored race did not want pity; all they asked for was justice. The spirit of caste must be removed, and the colored man lifted to a higher and better civilization. To do this, he must work earnestly with hands and brain, that the American people may know and recognize his intellect and ability. She thought it well that they should be disciplined by opposition and trial as other nations and people had been before establishing their equality. If they were inferior in a fair field let it be proved. Their own right arms and rising brains must be their passport to recognition.

Mr. SARGENT, the President, related a conversation he had had with Mr. LEWIS HAYDEN, who commented on the inconsistency of the laboring men in demanding more justice from their employers, while they themselves are still refusing to colored people the opportunity to join them in their workshops, and even urging their employers to refuse work to all colored men.

Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE, the next speaker, was received with applause.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am entirely unprepared to address you at this time. This platform seems to be an unfortunate place for me. I came here for comfort, and am always had up, to make manifest my poverty in my remarks.

When I said a few words in this Hall on the occasion of the Woman's Suffrage Convention, I said, among other things, that in the progress of political privilege I was glad to take my place after the negro. I think this a good word to begin with to-day. After hearing Mrs. Harper's eloquent remarks, and after listening to the able statement made by Mr. Sims, this morning, I feel that I may again be glad to come after the negro. Mr. Sims gave us the direct testimony of an eye witness in matters of which we are often glad to be informed, even in a more remote manner. I think that he fully made out his case when he said that the Anti-Slavery Society has not yet finished its work. It has still much to do, and I am only sorry that I come so late upon the field of its labors. For slavery is of two sorts. One is technical slavery, which we have abolished; the other is the slavery of opinion, which is still in force. There are also two kinds of representation. In so far as concerns us we have given the negro representation in Congress, but this will avail him little so long as he is excluded from representation in the ranks of society and of labor.

The personal depreciation under which the Negro is held at the North is, as Mrs. Harper has showed us, a very unhappy and unchristian feature in our treatment of him. While we hope to co-operate in bettering his condition in the South, we had better begin at once to reform this evil in our midst. Mrs. Harper is in doubt about the assumed superiority of the white to the black race. I cannot settle this matter for her, but I can say to her that the assumption of superiority is not a proof of superiority. There is nothing of which mankind are fonder than of setting up this claim of a superiority to others of which they themselves can scarcely be the judges. Black and white are opposite poles of color, not of humanity. Mr. Sim's discourse, to which I listened this morning, seemed to me a very white one. It had weight, and reason, and imagination and logic. People in society naturally group themselves around centres of character and of sympathy. We should not wish to break up these circles. But in the power of the larger and higher interests, the limits of these smaller centralities give way and are effaced. They are lost sight of in the great comprehension of Christain sympathy, in which we all wish to be included. When we make use of these bounds of custom and tradition to keep out those who are of one heart and mind with ourselves, we lose instead of gaining by the exclusion.

The favoring winds which, during this beautiful winter, seem to blow forward all good objects and reforms, admonish me that we should be in haste to let out the two reefs yet remaining in the sail of our liberties. One of them will give the negro his social and industrial, as well as his political rights. The other will secure to woman the free exercise of her conscience, her intellect, and her functions.

STEPHEN S. FOSTER, for whom numerous calls had been made, remarked on rising that he was so unaccustomed to being called upon, that he really did not know what to say. As Mr. HAVEN had said that the New England H. E. Methodist Conference had always been in sympathy with the Anti-Slavery Cause, he (Mr. Foster) would recommend that the whole strength of that organization be expended upon the State of Connecticut, which certainly is in great need of it. He could not say that he entirely agreed with Mr. Haven as to the Anti-Slavery zeal of the Methodist Conference, but certainly let them devote all their energies to Connecticut. And if they want any help, he, (Mr. FOSTER) being, as the audience knew, in full sympathy with the clergy, would offer himself as an auxiliary. And if they did not like his leadership he would let them lead, only allowing him to speak his sentiments and *no* theirs.

WENDELL PHILLIPS being called for, and declining to speak, Mr. FOSTER said that Mr. PHILLIPS perhaps thought that he (FOSTER) had taken the wind out of his sails. Amid the merriment of the audience, Mr. PHILLIPS, coming forward, spoke of the incoming administration, and said we now

stood fearful before a great mystery, and all he ventured to hope was that Grant would not keep Mr. Seward in the cabinet. Perhaps he would not remove Seward, nor Reverdy Johnson, but the administration would not be a traitor; it would watch the index on the dial, the public mind, and dictate its policy accordingly. This of itself was a great gain. When a young man, the speaker thought Congress an important body, capable of volition. Two visits to Washington cured him of the delusion, and proved it to be a weather-cock obedient to the breeze from home. Sometimes, however, a fanatic was to be found inside of Congress, as a dummy engine was sometimes found inside a railroad-car—making it capable of self-motion. Of this class was General Butler.

Mr. PHILLIPS criticised the vacillating policy of the Government, and referred to the governmental machinery of England as superior to ours. To influence Congress, a man should not go to Washington, but go home among the people, where the breeze is made, and make as hot a one as he can. The great poison of the age is race hatred. All the great points of the epoch have arisen out of this hatred between the races. We must see the man, not the negro, the man and not the Indian, the man and not the Chinaman.

At the conclusion of Mr. Phillips' remarks, the meeting adjourned to half-past seven P. M.

EVENING SESSION

Mr. SARGENT, the President, in the chair.

Mrs. CORA L. V. DANIELS was introduced as the first speaker of the evening. She remarked in commencing that when Gen. BANKS returned from New Orleans he said that Louisiana was as loyal as Massachusetts. If that were so, Mr. SIMS and Mr. MENARD would not be here to-night. One would be at home in Georgia, and the other in the National House of Representatives. She said that what she had to say would be as to the true state of reconstruction at the South. To-day Louisiana is the heart of the rebellion. If, during the war, Richmond was the head and South Carolina the right arm of the rebellion, Louisiana was its heart. Mrs. DANIELS described that State, branding it as the resort and the rendezvous of the worst rebels and most debauched political demagogues of the war. When we say that the worst calamity which befel Louisiana came from Massachusetts, it is but the simple truth. From that moment, law and order in Louisiana were almost unknown. *Until within the last few months, not an investigation has been commenced nor one arrest made for the murder of a single Union man since the close of the war.*

The North has sent missionaries and agents of various Christian societies to the South. The South has sent two missionaries here to teach you. Mrs. DANIELS gave a most interesting and eloquent description of the demoralized and outrageous condition of affairs in Louisiana. She declared that the Republican government of that State is at present anything but an efficient one. What is wanted in Louisiana is, first, protection of human life, then, protection of property, and finally, all the various benefits necessary for an oppressed people. The spirit of slavery still lingers over the scene of its former triumphs, and that spirit works with a tangible weapon, depleting the South of its loyalists, and drenching the soil in the blood of thousands of the defenceless colored people.

Never, until Yankee spirit, Yankee energy, and Yankee industry are spread broadcast in the South, can we have a lasting peace. What we must do in connection with the loyal element there, is to send Yankees, as we did to Kansas; send them as they have been sent all over the West, even beyond the slopes of the Rocky Mountains. I have only to say, in conclusion, that there is one class who will never receive a Yankee. This is the same class which rivetted the fetters upon the slaves, which fought us in the war—which, after the war, has murdered 11,000 loyalists. But there is another class which will receive them with a hearty welcome: the class which has suffered all and everything for the right, the class which has waited long and patiently; and it is our duty to sustain and uphold that class until the time shall come when our protection will be no longer needed. We must see to it that the New England village be established all over that fair land, where now so much desolation exists.

Mrs. DANIELS, in closing, made an eloquent appeal to the audience for right and justice for the long-suffering loyalists of the South, and resumed her seat amid loud applause.

Mr. SIMS, the next speaker, was welcomed with applause by the audience, and commenced by giving his tribute of admiration to the lucid and eloquent speech of Mrs. DANIELS. He then went on to urge the immense importance of the ballot for the freedmen, recounting some instances of the outrages they continue to suffer while political rights are yet withheld from them. They are industriously working for their living, but, suffering under a land monopoly and receiving miserably insufficient wages, they cannot possibly make satisfactory or encouraging progress until these conditions are changed.

It is a scandalous falsehood, he said, that any of the negroes of Georgia have voted the Democratic ticket, except under coercion. We are, and intend to remain, loyal and steadfast. The U. S. flag is our only protection, and we mean to uphold it.

We are now occupying the front, waiting till the schools shall raise up recruits for our ranks. We hope, some time, to see a new generation, white and black, including perhaps the son of Sims and the son of Toombs, living together in peace and good will, and enjoying the prosperity of a united country. We have long begged for freedom; we now demand it; and we ask no better than the chance of leading peaceful and industrious lives as citizens of the United States.

As Mr. SIMS was retiring, amidst warm applause, Mrs. FOSTER asked him to inform the audience what were the prospects of the success of his mission in Washington. He replied that there were good hopes of success.

Mr. FOSTER, for the Committee on Nominations, read a list of Officers for the present year, as follows:—

President—JOHN T. SARGENT.

Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. CAROLINE M. SEVERANCE.

Recording Secretary—CHARLES K. WHIPPLE.

Councillors—WENDELL PHILLIPS, CHARLES E. HODGES, Mrs. SARAH J. NOWELL, Mrs. MARY C. SAWYER, Mrs. CAROLINE R. PUTNAM, ABRAHAM FOLSOM, JOSHUA B. SMITH, WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH.

Treasurer—RICHARD P. HALLOWELL.

Auditor—WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH.

The question being taken, these were chosen officers of the Society for 1869.

Mr. AARON M. POWELL, Editor of THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, then came forward and addressed the meeting. "When Lincoln's barn was burned," he said, "and his horses were shelterless, Congress the next day passed a bill in two hours providing for the erection of stables to protect those horses; at the present moment there were three million human beings requiring protection, and should not legislation be as speedy in their behalf as in behalf of dumb animals? We need not wait for the XLIst Congress to settle the question of negro rights; your own honored senator pointed clearly the way by which it might be settled during the present session if there was a united and determined purpose. The Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society should remind Senator Trumbull that Mr. Sumner's bill should be reported to Congress, and it should then be passed by that body. If ten hundred thousand men in the North were not given their rights it could not be expected that this question could be settled; it could be permanently settled only on a basis of universal and impartial freedom for all mankind. All there was in the way of a successful issue of this question was the conservatism of Northern politicians. The Anti-Slavery Society should urge the initiation of an amendment to the Constitution which should supplement and confirm Mr. Sumner's or Mr. Boutwell's political rights bill, and when such an amendment was passed it would be ratified if properly brought before the people.

Mr. MENARD, being called for, came forward with applause, and spoke of the rebellious spirit still pervading the South. He thought that the struggle now must be carried on in Congress. The reason they had been so much discouraged at the South was on account of the low aims and half-measures of the Republican party. (Hear, hear). If the negro is competent to share in the work of self-government, now is the time to use that power.

The rebellion in the South is not yet dead. And if this government has the power, it has not the will, to punish treason. As to the intentions of Gen. Grant, and the composition of his coming cabinet, all is uncertainty. It seems probable that Grant will try to carry out the will of the people, and that he will put down rebellion with a strong hand. But Louisiana will hardly be cured until old Ben. Butler is sent there. (Great applause). We want Anti-Slavery Societies holding sessions not only in Boston, but in Richmond and New Orleans.

Nothing will save the South except emigration from the North. A various agriculture, and also manufactures, must be established there, under the impulse of Northern industry and enterprise.

Mr. MENARD took his seat amidst great applause, and WENDELL PHILLIPS came forward.

ADDRESS OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

At the close of Mr. MENARD's address, WENDELL PHILLIPS spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman and Ladies and Gentlemen:—Before we separate I have only a few words to say, because the suggestions that have come to us from Louisiana, from New Orleans and from Georgia, are enough without any comment. And I am especially glad to say amen to this last analysis of the position of affairs given to us by Mr. Menard. So far as rebellion represents an idea, it is not dead; the Southern white race have not yet given up their idea. It has taken us thirty years, nearer forty, to bring Massachusetts, a free State, without slavery in it, to the level where she stands to-day. No sane man can believe that what forty years of agitation have not done in Massachusetts, half a dozen years of war have done in Louisiana; that is, made the white race a practical, intelligent, hearty abolition force. Of course not; it would be absurd to suppose that possible. We are to calculate, therefore, as a philosophical inevitability, that Louisiana must be far behind where Massachusetts stands to-day. That being granted, the pictures given by Mr. Menard, Mrs. Daniels, and Mr. Sims, show us exactly the true state of the case; a white race out of which the devil of caste has not been exorcised; the treason of the President and the listlessness of the Republican party have suffered that element to monopolize, after the close of the war the forces that make up civilization to-day. If I stood in Massachusetts, and you would give me half the votes, all the railroad capital, all the bank capital, and the larger share of the book education, does any man doubt that I could control Massachusetts? Why, Vanderbilt and Drew, with only two great railroads in their hands, subsidizing one or two New York journals, hold the legislature of New York like a passive baby in their right hand. If you will give me half the votes, all the railroad capital, and all the banking facilities of Massachusetts, I will defy Massachusetts for twenty years. You can educate thought up against me in time, but for the present, I can hold Massachusetts against you.

This white race, as our friend, Mr. Menard, has described, have got the land, have got the railroads, have got the banking facilities, have got all the prestige, and common facilities of book education, and they have got about half the votes; do you expect the other half, the colored men, with only paper ballots in their hands, to outweigh them? You might as well expect Niagara, some cool morning, to run up stream! If there is any truth in human nature, it is not possible. Who set us here, who brought us to this condition? Why, the Republican party and Andrew Johnson. "An hour lost," said Napoleon, "is an opportunity gone forever." Our friend, Mr. Sims, showed us this morning, that there was an hour in the current of Georgia life when the colored men stood on the soil tenants of the United States, raising crops, and able to look the white man in the face and defy him. There was one hour when the clock struck twelve on such a scene. Could it have been continued, these men would have become permanent tenants, as Sherman told us they should and would, and the only voice that lifted itself amidst the universal acclaim and said "they never will" was Ben. Butler. He said then, and the country mocked him, "You will never see that pledge fulfilled," and it never was. They were swept off the land, as Mr. Sims told you. "An hour lost is an opportunity gone forever;" you cannot roll back the wheels of time and replace Georgia as she stood at that moment.

I have heard a dozen men from Louisiana say what our friend Mrs. Daniels has said. A marshal of that State—Lincoln's own appointed marshal, who never got his office—said, "If Ben. Butler had stayed in New Orleans twenty-four months longer, Louisiana would have been stereotyped into the likeness of Massachusetts. [Applause]. We should have gone so far on, that we never could have been put back." "An hour lost is an opportunity gone forever." You can never put back the wheels of time, and get the world where it stood on that day when Gen. Butler left New Orleans, because Andrew Johnson thwarted the nation's purpose and put back into the white man's hands the great forces of modern civilization—status, money, lands, and railroads.

What is to be done? This is to be done. We are to take a new point of departure. We have killed slavery in the chattel, parchment, technical sense. Men do not wear yokes. That is dead; it is off the statute book in the chattel form; but the colored race is still in the hands of the white race, and, as our friend, Mr. Menard, has told us, let the opportunity serve, and that white race will again lift its hand against the government. The battle has changed. We have got now to fight with a race intrenched in land, railroads, banks, statue. We have got to fight them again with the forces of civilization, as our friend told us. We have got to import brains, import capital, import laborers, to outweigh them. We have got to take the black race and give it the background, the bulwark, the pedestal, on which to stand up against the whites. That is where the battle has changed.

Now, as our friend said, the President of the United States is nothing but a sheriff. He has no right to a policy. That is a very nice juggle. So long as white men held the South the President had a policy, and flung all the patronage of the government on their side, and they felt the full weight of the President as a power. Now, when the black man comes and stands side by side with the white race, and says to Grant, a President, "As you have thrown your sword into the scale for seventy years, throw it now." "Oh," he says, "I have no right to a policy. Go and fight it out with the white man. I am only a constable." It is a little bit of a juggle. It is a jug with the handle all on one side.

You see we have got to commence a new epoch. That is the reason why I blame the Republican party. Mark me! Do not let us hear any more about the merits of the Republican party. Go away, and come back next year, and remember two things. Do not forget them. Mr. Reporter, put them into lead. Every respectable journal of the Republican party has told us ever since the defeat of impeachment—"Gentlemen, haven't you got any common sense? Don't you see that we agreed with you that Andrew Johnson was a besotted rascal, and ought to have been impeached? No deficiency in the crime; no lack of evidence of the crime either; but if we had impeached Johnson and put Ben Wade in the chair, Grant would not have been President. It could not have been done. The *New York Times* had a column in that strain only last week. All the western press has covered Trumbull with that sort of argument for six months. Mark you! The reason why a self-evident, self-confessed traitor was not impeached was to save all the chances for Grant. Very well. Grant was elected on the fourth day of November, and Congress assembled on the fourth day of December. Grant was then high and dry above danger. Why did they not impeach Andrew Johnson then? If that was the real reason, why was not Johnson removed the moment Congress gathered itself, and there was no longer any danger in putting Ben Wade into the White House for three months? Because they lied from beginning to end. (Loud aplause). Because the excuse was a sham from beginning to end. Because, as our friend has told us the Republican party never had an earnest purpose, single-eyed and single-hearted. They might have elected Grant. Ben Wade was not the man to circumvent and undermine the Republican party. Oh, no! And if there had been any sincerity in the excuse, when the dawn of the fourth of November said, "Grant is beyond all question," then they might have executed justice and enacted liberty: then they might have impeached Andrew Johnson. For three long months of bloodshed, for every uncovered grave in the South, every desolate hearth, every homestead burned, every outrage of the Ku-Klux from Tennessee down to Texas, for all the uncounted murders of which no statistics are preserved, I arraign the Republican party. Since the fourth of December, there has not been even an excuse for not impeaching Andrew Johnson, (applause—not an excuse; and when the existence of Johnson in the White House meant murder, and the accession of Wade into the White House meant peace. Everybody knows it is not the brave men at the South that murder: it is not the men, inspired with an idea, who were the worthy opponents, except the badness of their cause, of the men who went hence. Oh, no, it is the cowards and bullies of the South who hide themselves in the disguise of midnight, and shoot down Union men, whom they dare not face.

Then I arraign the Republican party for another thing that Union men, covered with the sanctions of office, like the two men who stood before us to-day, can neither live in the South nor travel in it safely. Nothing but treason can walk the streets freely at the South. Union men go out of the cities at night, and take the rail-road seven miles out of the city streets. Union men quit their homes and sleep one night at one place and another at another, without letting any man know an hour beforehand where they sleep. The man who loves the flag is not safe. The man who spits upon it may walk the streets of New Orleans with revolvers out of both pockets, and never need to use them. And meantime, at the head of the government sits the greatest soldier of the age, with his right hand full of arms and has only to say to the people—"I will not sit here and have my record marred by murder; muster me out; I will not register outrages I am not permitted to prevent!" and the Congress of the United States, dragging Andrew Johnson at its heels, would have given Grant such liberty that there would not have been a Ku-Klux that dared to peep or mutter from the Del Norte up to Mason and Dixon's line, (Loud applause). The reason I put no trust in Grant is because he had not the spirit to ask leave to exercise his office.

Open your Bibles—what did St. Paul say when the jailor came to him? He said, "Do you scourge me, a Roman citizen?" And the jailor fled, affrighted, and said to his chief, "He says he is a Roman citizen." And the jailor hasted and came down to Paul and said, "Art thou a Roman citizen?" And he said, "I am." And the chief said, "With a great sum obtained I this freedom." "But I was free born," said the apostle. That is the proudest leaf in the lavish laurels of the Roman Empire, that she boasted that you could not find a spot of earth so distant and isolated that the simple announcement, "I am a Roman citizen," would not turn back swords! In the right hand of your President-elect has rested for four months certainly, and for twenty-four months, without much doubt, the power to make the simple announcement, "I am an American citizen," just as mighty, from the prairies to Texas; and he never had the heart to do it! ["Hear, hear."] I would rather have been the man seated in the chair at Washington to have made those words as effectual for the protection of every American citizen as the words St. Paul said to the jailor, than to have had all the laurels of Gettsburg and Antietam, and Vicksburg, and Appomattox on my brow. [Applause].

That is the reason why I doubt Gen. Grant. If he had had a drop of blood, his soul would have sickened at the thought of a thousand men murdered there, and five hundred slaughtered there, and that hearth drenched in blood! But he made the record, and then he saw a fast horse, and smoked another cigar, and shut his lips resolutely against the citizen who came to ask him; and the press got down at his feet and praises the idol that would not deign to speak!

Then there is another thing, Mr. Reporter, for which I arraign the Republican party. This whole winter they have had the power to initiate a Constitutional Amendment that should put an end, utterly and decisively, to race hatred. Why have they not done it? When Nasby came to this city from Ohio, he said to us, "The negro will never get his rights from the vote of Ohio for twenty-five years; you and I will never live to see it; but, if the edict ever goes out of Washington, 'The whole line forward!' Ohio will fall into line. Give her a separate State choice, she will not move for a quarter of a century. Let Congress issue an order, 'Advance, the whole line!' she will be there." Congress knows it. Congress knows, that if with the vote and voice of her great Senators she should issue the order, all the Republican host would move forward. Why does she not do it? I will tell you. Because Mr. Trumbull fears for his reelection. The southern half of Illinois hates the negro; his district would not bear it; and to the selfishness of Mr. Trumbull, fearful of defeat—and what is true of him is true of half a dozen others—true of Ohio,—we owe the postponement of this vital measure. Well, perhaps that is an allowable motive in ordinary times, but the country is full of graves, real graves, filled by young men and old, who have offered up, not political chances, but life itself, for the country; and in such a moment as that politicians start back and reluct to take a step forward because their political graves are in front of them. Well, that did not stop the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth Massachusetts at Fort Wagner. I call upon Senator Trumbull to be as brave and disinterested as the black men at Olustee, and face his political grave as they faced their real graves. I hold the Republican party henceforth and forever guilty if this Congress closes without giving us the initiation of an amendment. They cannot deny that we have got a two-thirds majority. Let them give us all they can. If the States defeat it their "withers are unwrung."

Then, again, I hold them guilty that they do not give us Mr. Sumner's political bill. I know there are some men who doubt it. No harm. If it is not good, it will not stand. Go forward and try it! As old Ben. Franklin said, to the first Congress that ever met, "Gentlemen, step to the very verge of the power vested in you to put an end to this evil." What I claim of the republican Congress, met now in Washington, is, that trampling crotchets under their feet, they should go to the extremest limit of their possible powers to put an end to this race hatred. (Applause). If the Congress that comes after them, better instructed, repeal the bill, that is not their fault. If the constitutional scruples of the American people waking up ten years hence, find we have gone to far and set us back, we will submit; but in the meantime, with the power in our right hands, try it! So be it known to all men—and women, that hereafter on every platform, when Henry Wilson and others fling in my face the merits and successes of the republican party, I araign them, first, for three months of admitted murder at the South, in keeping Andrew Johnson in the presidential chair without the sham of an excuse for not impeaching him. I arraign them for not giving us a Constitutional Amendment. I arraign them for not giving us a political bill. Mr. Sumner says, "The same amendment which gives us the right to make a civil rights bill, gives us the right to make a political rights bill." It is unanswerable; of course it does. He goes on to say, "When we have passed the bill, the Supreme Court cannot touch it. It is in the domain of politics, and therefore within the exclusive jurisdiction of Congress; no other department can touch it. Only a succeeding Congress, wickeder and more shameless than we, can repeal it, if they choose." Well, we will risk the repeal.

In the meantime as I said before, what you and I are to do, friends, is this: we are to claim of the government that it gird up its loins for the new struggle. Grant must execute the law. He must protect men and dollars. Then let them go down and fight the battle with the white race installed in dollars by the treason of Andrew Johnson; intrenched in better battlements than Lee ever framed—dollars; bulwarked by those same cotton bales that saved New Orleans before, in Jackson's time, and will yet save the South for a second rebellion, perhaps. We have got on to a new level. Old Gov. Bernard of this State said, a century ago, that the attempt to tax molasses "caused more alarm in Massachusetts than the massacre at Fort William Henry;" the first touched our pockets; the last was only a cruel and bloody outrage.

Well, it is the genius of the nation to-day. Their money is a keener test than anything else. We have got on to the money. We have survived the hot enthusiasm of war, and have got on to the lower plane of selfish contending forces. What we want of Grant is to open the channels. Dr. Johnson said, Put a dollar on the other side of hell, and a Scotchman will spring for it at the risk of falling in. [Laughter.] So you put before a Yankee ten per cent. a month, to be made in South Carolina, with a fair probability of bringing back his throat uncut, and he will spring at it. [Applause.] Only let Grant make a fair probability that the Yankee, having clutched his money, will get back again, and I will leave him to fight the Southern aristocracy. I will "bet on him," as they say, that, taking the negro in his hand, marching up to the polls, and everywhere else, side by side with him, he will supplement the comparatively feeble forces that aid the black race—nothing but their own courage left—with all the forces of civilization and make the battle equal. That is what we have got to do. That is what Grant is to help us to do. If the Fortieth Congress does not take us by the hair of our heads and lift us up to a higher level, that is what the next four years are to do. And that is the reason why we need, as Mrs. Daniels told us, a Home Department. It is going to be a chronic struggle. We thought we got through it by the swift method of the cannon-ball. Well, we did not do it. We left the roots untouched. The result of Johnson's treason is, it is to be a chronic struggle. Therefore, you want a department to fight it under; you want all the facilities with which such battles are usually fought. We fought the old battle under Stanton and the War Department. We have got to fight another battle now, and need a Home Department, with capital, and education, and vigilance, and opportunities, and facilities, in our hands. That is the new policy. If the President does not have a policy, we have got to have one.

I say, therefore, let us adjourn. Adjourn for what? Adjourn to work harder, to sit up later nights, and keep our eyes open. Adjourn to watch with sleepless vigilance this Congress, that does not do its duty. Adjourn to wait for every opportunity that God offers us. I move, therefore, Mr. President, the passage of the resolutions that lie on your table.

The question being then taken on the Resolutions, they were passed and the meeting adjourned.

CHARLES K. WHIPPLE,
EDMUND QUINCY PUTNAM, } Secretaries.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1869.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON, February 1st, 1869.

OTHER pens will give THE STANDARD detailed accounts of the Festival and of the very interesting meetings held in this city the past week. We need do little more than add our own comment.

The most sanguine expectations of those interested in the management of the Festival were realized. We cannot better indicate its success, and the deep interest it awakened, than to mention that the subscriptions and receipts exceeded FOUR THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED DOLLARS. Not only was it successful pecuniarily, largely exceeding the receipts of last year, and comparing favorably with former years, but in other features of interest and attractiveness it has never been surpassed, if equalled by preceding Anniversaries. The cordial and most welcome greeting from JOHN G. WHITTIER, the original poems (which we hope to print) written for the occasion and read by Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE, the very significant words and gratifying presence of the HON. JAMES M. SIMS, of Savannah, a brother of THOMAS SIMS, and one of the expelled members of the Georgia Legislature, the well-chosen and eloquent addresses of the Rev. JOHN WEISS and WENDELL PHILLIPS gave to the proceedings unusual interest. ABBY KELLEY FOSTER well nigh spent in many years of arduous service, and the past year almost miraculously saved to life, was not only able to be present, but by her still great power and efficiency, contributed more perhaps than any other to the auspicious pecuniary results. Chief in constant and unwearied exertion, and a large contributor in many ways to the success of the Festival is Mrs. M. E. SARGENT. Miss HOLLEY, Miss FORTEN, Mrs. SAWYER, Mrs. SMITH, Mrs. BROWN, Mrs. NOWELL, Mrs. PUTNAM, Miss ALCOTT, Mrs. CHACE, and other ladies of the Committee, and others whom we cannot here designate by name, were in attendance as earnest, efficient co-workers. To Mr. J. B. SMITH the Festival is also indebted for generous contributions.

As a social reunion for old friends and the commingling of new helpers in the cause, the Festival seemed to be thoroughly enjoyed by all. There was, however, on that evening, as throughout the meetings of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society on the following day and evening, a more noticeable recognition of responsibility for the work which yet remains to be accomplished, ere the Anti-Slavery Movement shall have fulfilled its mission, than we have observed at any time since the proclamation of emancipation. In the present condition of the South, with little if any more freedom there out of the range of Federal muskets than prior to the war, for even Radical Republicans of the North; with the example of Georgia in Reconstruction; with hundreds of thousands of colored men still disfranchised for no cause but their color; with the social ostracism of all colored people, cultured and uncultured alike; with the government arm, through the Freedmen's Bureau, practically withdrawn; with benevolent Freedmen's Aid Societies curtailing and preparing to close up their operations; many thoughtful people begin to see that they who, because chattelism has been overthrown, technically limit the scope and meaning of the Anti-Slavery Movement, pronounce its work done, and its continued organized existence a superfluity, sadly misread the times in which they live. It was especially pleasant to see so many intelligent young men and young women at the Festival and throughout the meetings, both to be themselves blessed, and in turn to bless others, through an awakened interest in the cause of impartial freedom. It is only in outside substance that slavery has been disturbed. It lives in spirit, and is as active as before the war, if not as potential. Of course in our warfare against it we have gained great advantages of position, but victory is not yet ours. Nor is it assured, without right action on the part of the government, and the fidelity of true men and women. No well-known Abolitionist can safely go South to-day with the freedom and security which American citizenship should guarantee to him. The leading and representative colored men and white Radicals of the South many of whom have been victimized, are to-day in continual danger of assassination. In the Senate of the United States and in the councils of the Republican party the old dominating spirit of slavery is still so strong that there is little hope of such thorough legislation as shall promptly remove in this period the legal disabitities under which colored people continue unjustly to suffer. The so-called "Democratic" party, so large a minority as through fraud, or from other causes, easily to become a majority, is as thoroughly prostituted to the service of the spirit of slavery, as when its constituents were the slave-catchers and voluntary watch-dogs of Southern plantations. The great body of popular clergymen and church members, with noble exceptions are now, as formerly, much more occupied with the doings and shortcomings of the Jews than with the cause of human rights, involving the colored people. With this continued need we hail with great satisfaction the manifestly increasing sense of conscientious responsibility on the part of Abolitionists to push forward, satisfied with nothing short of equal freedom in fact as well as in name for men and women of all shades of color.

The secretaries report, and the letter of our Boston correspondent, will doubtless give full accounts of the meetings of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. In addition to the speakers who are well known to Abolitionists, there were present the Hon. J. WILLIS MENARD, the colored member of Congress elect, the Hon. JAMES M. SIMS, of Georgia, Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE, Rev. GILBERT HAVEN, CHARLES W. SLACK, Esq, editor of *The Boston Commonwealth*, Mr. WILLIAM J. LINTON, and Mrs. CORA L. V. DANIELS. The meetings were held in the very pleasant Horticultural Hall, and the sessions throughout were well attended.

Of the Labor Reform Convention, and of the meeting of the Radical Club, held in Mr. and Mrs. SARGENT's parlors, which we also attended, we cannot write at length in this letter. Mr. LINTON was the essayist at the Radical Club, and among those present not usually in attendance, were JOHN G. WHITTIER and WENDELL PHILLIPS.

A very appropriate recognition of their presence in Boston was extended to Messrs. SIMS and MENARD, outside the Anti-Slavery meetings, by invitations to two dinners. One at the "Frank Bird Club," a Radical headquarters, where they met Mr. BIRD, Mr. JEWELL, Speaker of the Massachusetts House, "WARRINGTON," of *The Springfield Republican*, Mr. SLACK, editor of *The Commonwealth*, Mr. WILLIAMS, Chairman of the State Republican Committee, Mr. JEWELL, the probable candidate for Governor in Connecticut, ELIZUR WRIGHT, Esq., and other well-known citizens; the other invitation was to a dinner given in honor of the colored guests by J. B. SMITH, Esq., the caterer. It was served in the elegant style for which Mr. SMITH is celebrated. Most of the gentlemen mentioned at the Club dinner were also among Mr. Smith's guests. In addition were WENDELL PHILLIPS, Gen. BURT, the present very efficient Postmaster of Boston, Judge RUSSELL, and others whom we cannot here enumerate.

Messrs. MENARD and SIMS also visited the Massachusetts Legislature, and were very cordially received by members. Last, but not least in significance, Mr. SIMS, who is also a Baptist Clergyman, was invited by the Rev. Dr. KIRK to preach to his congregation, which he did, we understand, to great acceptance.

These courtesies extended very properly to colored men are reminders and forerunners of the better time when social prejudice, as well as political proscription, on account of color, shall disappear.

A. M. P.

THE AMENDMENT—A POLITICAL RIGHTS BILL.

The House of Representatives on Saturday last, after voting down all the proposed substitutes, passed the new Constitutional Amendment precisely as it was reported from the Reconstruction Committee. It reads:

Be it resolved, &c. (two thirds of both Houses concurring), that the following article be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States; which, when ratified by three-fourths of said Legislatures, shall be held as part of the said Constitution, namely:

ARTICLE—, SECTION 1.—The right of any citizen of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or any States, by reason of race, color, or previous condition of slavery, of any citizen or class of citizens of the United States.

SECTION 2. The Congress shall have power to enforce by appropriate legislation the provisions of this Article.

The vote on this proposed Amendment stood —Yeas 150, all Republicans; Nays 42, all Democrats except Messrs. Baker of Illinois, Bingham of Ohio, Hawkins of Tennessee, and Polsley of West Viginia.

The proposition now goes to the Senate, where the subject has already received some attention. We think the Amendment as adopted by the House defective, in view of the lesson of Georgia, that it does not provide for elligibility to office, as well as the right to vote. We want also the prohibitory safeguards, which Mr. SHELLABARGER eloquently urged, to prevent the disfranchisement of the colored people of the South by future State aplication of unequal tests of education or property. Landless and almost without schools, they are at a great disadvantage, and there will be no stone left unturned by which to compass their political subjugation by the old ruling white class. In South Carolina, and wherever the blacks are in a majority, they can protect themselves. Georgia shows however, what will be the fate of the colored minority when in the treasonable grasp of the negro-hating majority of Southern whites.

Eliminating the superfluous and invidious word "male," the joint resolution, and articles of amendment introduced by Mr. WILSON in the Senate on Tuesday last cover our ground better than the House Amendment. They are as follows:

ARTICLE 15, SECTION 1—All the male citizens of the United States, residents of the several States now or hereafter comprehended in the Union, of the age of 21 years and upward, of sound mind, shall be entitled to an equal vote in all elections in the State wherever they shall reside, the period of such residence as a qualification for voting to be decided by each State, except such citizens as have engaged in rebellion or insurrection, or shall be duly convicted of treason or other infamous crime.

SEC. 2. The Congress shall have power to enforce by appropriate legislation the provisions of this article.

ARTICLE 16. SECTION 1. The right of citizens of the United States to hold office shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

SEC. 2. The Congress shall have power to enforce by appropriate legislation the provisions of this article.

We hope that disagreement as to the form may not be allowed to be the means of defeating the adoption of any Amendment at all. The object of proposing an Amendment is to secure in the fundamental law of the Nation a guarantee of equal, impartial political rights for the colored race. Let it be attained by the use of plain, explicit, unmistakable language.

We hope to see the practical end attained however, at a much earlier day than the formal ratification of any Amendment can possibly be reached. To help weak legislatures, to unite and strengthen the Republican party in all parts of the country upon the issue involved in the Suffrage Amendment, to do justice immediately to the hundreds of thousands of disfranchised colored citizens in the Border and Northern States, Congress should put upon the statute books at once a uniform Political Rights Act, the fitting and necessary complement of the Civil Rights Act.

The Washington correspondent of *The Evening Post* of Tuesday reiterates the statement made by others that Gen. Grant desires an amendment, and that he expressed to a prominent Senator the hope that there would be no delay on the part of the Senate in passing it. We hope he is able to see that "peace" can be successfully invoked only through justice. Though the Senate should agree with the House and adopt an Amendment, without also a Political Rights Bill, the issue of Negro Suffrage is likely to remain an open and an angry one in politics during the major portion, if not the whole, of Gen. Grant's administration. This will certainly be the case if we are to wait the slow process of ratification, with several doubtful States. With an act of Congress now, for a time at least secure from the interference of the Supreme Court, we can afford to await confirmation by the ratification of an Amendment, and, what is very important under the circumstances, it will render quite certain ultimate ratification by the requisite number of States.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

WE print elsewhere a notice of the Annual Meeting of the PHILADELPHIA FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY to be held on the 11th inst, to which we invite attention.

We invite attention to a letter from our clear-sighted and discriminating Washington correspondent, "Asmodeus," intended for last week's issue, but which was too late, from some irregularity of the mails. It will be found on our first page.

It is announced that several German ladies of literary ability, who sympathize with the movement for women's suffrage, contemplate founding a German organ, agitating that question. The new organ is to appear under the title *Neue Zeit, (New Times)*, and is to be a joint stock concern, the shares being $5 each. Frau Wendt, of Hoboken, and Dr. Douai and Dr. Lilienthal, in this city, are the projectors of the enterprise.

At a meeting of the Woman's Suffrage Association at St. Louis, recently, the statement of the City Assessor was read, stating that there are over 2,000 tax paying ladies in that city, representing property assessed at $14,500,000. If taxation and representation ought to go together, why should not the St. Louis women, who own property to the amount of fourteen million, five hundred thousand dollars, and pay taxes upon it, vote and be eligible to office?

The Tribune says:

"The latest scheme for getting rid of the Indian Bureau trouble is to create a new Department, with a Cabinet officer for a head, in which shall be placed the Indian Bureau, the Land Office, and the Educational Department."

We hope this "scheme" will prevail. We think it will tend to break up the dishonest dealings from which the Indians have been and are great sufferers, and save them from the exclusive control of the military to which many would assign them. We doubt not, that if carried out it will also largely enhance both the Agricultural and Educational interests of the Nation.

In Baltimore, Maryland, is a Ship Yard, owned and managed by colored men, upon the cooperative plan. They are doing a large and profitable business. White mechanics undertook to deprive colored men of employment in all the ship yards of the city. The result is this prosperous and profitable enterprise, which leads all others of its kind in Baltimore, and in which white men themselves now seek employment. We are glad to notice that a healthy resistance of the unjust proscription of colored people is giving rise to cooperative associations farther South. *The Mobile* (Alabama) *Nationalist*, in its last issue says:

"We learn that a cooperative store, from which colored people will not be excluded, is soon to be started in this city, and that all of the profits, after paying interest on the capital, will be divided among the stockholders who are purchasers, in proportion to the amount of their purchases."

We commend the cooperative movement to the favorable attention of the colored people of the South especially, and of the cities North as well as South. The organizations need not necessarily be exclusively of colored people. Their benefits may be shared in common by colored members and such whites as are superior to race prejudice, and who choose, by money or labor, to cooperate.

AARON M. POWELL will address the Free Congregational Society of Florence, Mass., on Sunday afternoon and evening, Feb. 7th. Subject, afternoon: "The Doctrine of the Inner Light;"—evening: "The Rights of Men and Women."

We have on hand several communications and a large amount of interesting matter, which we have been compelled reluctantly to defer, to give place last week to the important proceedings of the National Colored Convention, and this week to the proceedings of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

THE SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

BOSTON, Jan., 1869.

DEAR MR. POWELL:—Thursday, the day of our Anti-Slavery Festival, was, fittingly, one of the brightest of all the "rare" days with which we have been blessed during this wonderful winter. The soft air, warm sunlight, and deep blue sky recalled the best days of a Southern winter; and as we crossed the Common we waited to hear the birds sing, and it seemed as if the buds must be swelling on the brown branches of the dear old elms.

The day was succeeded by a night equally fine, and when, after a long walk under the stars, we reached Horticultural Hall at an early hour, we were not sur-

prised to find a goodly gathering there, already; and soon the room was filled. The Hall is truly "in the centre of things;"—Washington street and the Common, the Tremont House and the Parker House, the City Hall, and the famous "Old Granary Burying-Ground," are all its near neighbors. Serene, and stately, and pure, its granite form rises amid the busy hum of Tremont street, crowned with the noble Goddesses of Fruit and Flowers and Grain, wrought by our young and richly-gifted sculptor—Milmore. Within are two halls, in the lower of which—a bright, pleasant room, whose walls are covered with appropriate fruit and flower paintings—the Festival was held. On one side were the subscription-tables, each bearing its boquet of loveliest flowers, and presided over by faithful and long-tried workers in our good cause. On the other side was a long and bountifully-laden refreshment-table, and near it small tables, at which the guests were invited to sit and feast, and be waited upon by bewitching young maidens in pretty dresses and snow-white badges. For more than an hour there was pleasant social converse, and clattering of plates and glasses—which latter sound was especially welcome music to our ears—while we sat, with our money-box on a lofty pedestal behind the refreshment-table, and counted our gains—as the aforesaid youthful maidens brought them in—and surveyed the cheerful scene. Many of the noblest and fairest and most gifted of the land were there—men whom merely to name is to praise: Wendell Phillips, Col. Higginson, Mr. Weiss, Samuel Johnson, Wm. I. Bowditch, Stephen Foster, Milmore, and Perabo, the silver-haired Alcott, and the deep-thinking, large-hearted English artist, Mr. Linton; and women whose deep, loving, active interest in all the vital questions of the day serves only to heighten every true and beautiful feminine attraction. Mrs. Sargent was, as usual, the bright and gracious and never-wearying Mistress of Ceremonies. We know how largely the success of these annual reunions is due to her untiring energy, her zeal in interesting many who might other wise be indifferent, and not a little, also, to the generous hospitality which she and Mr. Sargent extend, month after month, to the philanthropic and literary "Club," by means of which a common bond of sympathetic interest in anti-slavery and other reforms is created and strengthened. Mrs. Howe was present, and Lucy Larcom, whose warm poet's heart shines through her kindly face; Mrs. Thaxter, brilliant, graceful, and free as the waves whose wild music gladdened the child's heart, and now sings itself in the woman's sweet songs; Mrs. Foster, than whom the outcast race has no truer friend, whose life-long, utterly self-sacrificing devotion makes ordinary selfish mortals feel most humbled and unworthy before her; Louisa Alcott, Mrs. Cheney, Mrs. N. P. Willis, and Mrs. Lodge, the fortunate and generous possessor of that "wonderful white vision," Story's Libyan Sibyl—a statue so beautiful, so prophetic, so sublime, and yet so touching, that none but the lips of genius can fitly describe it—a creation that is felt in the soul rather than seen with the eyes. "It made my heart shed tears," I might say, as a Southern freedman once said in speaking of something that had moved him deeply. Kate Field and Mrs. Moulton were there, and many other noble women and many fair young girls, making the room beautiful with their presence and musical with their voices. We missed the sunshiny face and inspiring presence of Mrs. Child, but we knew that her heart was with us, and that only the state of her own and her husband's health prevented her from being there. We regretted the absence of Mr. Sargent, who was detained at home by illness, and wished that Emerson—

"He who might Plato's banquet grace"

could have been with us. He is now in the West.

After a while, Mr. Phillips called the assemblage to order, and Miss Ellery read, in her clear, ringing tones, letters from John Oliver of Richmond, and from Whittier, and promised that we should see in print others that she did not read. America's truest poet sent us greetings and words of warm appreciation and sympathy, but of his letter and of the eloquent words afterwards spoken by Mr. Weiss and Mr. Phillips, of Mrs. Howe's beautiful poems, and the simple but most effective speech of James Sims, you will have full reports from others, whose attention was not, like ours, necessarily distracted by the jingling of ice cream glasses and the *heavy* responsibility of the money-box.

Sims is the brother of Thomas Sims, and is one of the colored men who were expelled from the Georgia Legislature. He came from Savannah to Washington, to try to recover his seat, and thence to Boston; in his own picturesque phase, he "left the city of Destruction, had passed though the slough of Despond, at Washington, and at last had arrived at the Delectable Mountains." He is a Baptist minister, was once a slave, has had no instruction, he says; except in the alphabet. When a waiter in a hotel in Savannah, he "picked up" words that he had heard in general conversation and looked them out in the dictionary. By improving this and every other opportunity, he has educated himself. A few years ago he had charge of the Freedmen's Schools in and around Savannah, and fulfilled his trust admirably. He is a man of refined manners, and native eloquence, and has that poetic manner of expression, which one so often finds among the freedmen. It was pleasant to see the noble head of Wendell Phillips bowed in earnest talk with him; and when he spoke, how the face of the freedman lighted up, how eagerly he dwelt on every word that fell from those eloquent lips; and not he alone; all listened with absorbed attention, for all knew that no petty ambition, no desire for fame or popularity tarnished the whiteness of that soul, filled with deepest pity for all God's lonely and suffering ones.

"A godlike nature his; the gods look down,
Incurious of themselves."

And as we watched him moving through the crowd, with kindly smile and cordial word for each, and saw also the stately form and chivalric bearing of Col. Higginson, and remembered how we had seen him at the South, the idol of his black regiment, the knight "without reproach or fear," uniting the reformer's fire and zeal with rare culture and exquisite fastidiousness and tenderness of nature, we thank God that such men live, and keep our faith alive, and felt the truth of Whittier's beautiful words—

"Life hath its regal natures yet,
True, tender, brave and sweet."

And again—how well these apply to each—

"True as the knights of story
Sir Lancelot and his peers,
Brave in his calm endurance
As they in tilt of spears;
* * * *
Wherever betrayed Nature
Asks word or action brave,
Wherever struggles labor,
Wherever groans a slave—
Wherever rise the peoples,
Wherever sinks a throne,
The throbbing heart of Freedom finds
An answer in her own."

Am I digressing? Yet I think it can hardly be called a digression, for was it not the presence of these and other earnest men and women, that gave the real charm to the occasion? We all agreed that it was the most delightful gathering of the kind that we had ever known. There was running through all a fine electric current, a thread of sympathy, delicate, yet strong, not unlike that of which we were conscious in the audiences that listened spell-bound to Dickens, or to Camilla Urso's soulful violin. Only this was even a deeper and stronger feeling.

Nor must we by any means disdain to mention that the pecuniary results were most satisfactory—double those of last year—and that everybody agreed with Mrs. Foster that the refreshments were even a greater social than pecuniary success. It is indeed quite wonderful how people unbend when they take a cup of hot tea or fragrant coffee, and "break bread" together; what a warmth and glow it gives their manner and each other, which even the accompaniment of ice cream fails to chill.

Such reunions as these fill one with hope and courage, as only an interchange of thought and feeling can—with strength to bear the ills of the Present, with faith in the Future, which comes slowly, very slowly, toward us, but with "All's well" written upon her brow. The "glowing hours" passed swiftly by, if not chased "with flying feet," yet laden with pleasant experience, which another reunion will find fresh in our hearts; and it was in a very exalted mood that, at last, well-nigh upon eleven o'clock, we reluctantly left the "enchanted hall," and went forth into the moonlit and starlit street. The moon had never shone more brightly, yet its brightness did not quench the glory of the stars, nor those warmer lights which enclosed in a glittering band our lovely Common and Public Garden. How peaceful, how beautiful the scene was. Its repose sank into the heart, and formed a fitting close to our happily-spent and long to be remembered evening.

C. L. F.

THE THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE PHILADELPHIA FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held at the Assembly Buildings on Fifth day, the 11th inst., at 3 1-2 o'clock, p. m.

The Annual Report will be read.

G. M. L. P. JONES, Secretary.

PERSONAL.

REV. JOEN W. CHADWICK, will lecture on "The American Idea and its Counterfeit" at his Church in Brooklyn, next Sunday evening at 7 1-2 o'clock.

The Boston Advertiser of Monday says:

"Rev. David A. Wasson gave a discourse at Horticultural Hall, yesterday afternoon, on the relations of individuals to society and government. Mr. Wasson protests against the popular theory that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, and that individuals have a right *per se* to a voice in their management. He maintains that the highest intelligence is requisite for all government, and that the real strength of polity comes from above down, as all nerves have their seat in the brain. Mr. Wasson entered into an elaborate philosophical argument in support of his view, which was listened to with much interest."

William Cullen Bryant responded to the toast in honor of the poets, at the Burns dinner at the Metropolitan Hotel, on Monday evening, 25th ult. In the course of his remarks, he said:

"I wonder how the poets would look if they could be all brought together, with their 'eyes in a fine frenzy rolling,' and some of their number, I fear, sadly out at elbows. What would the denizens of Wall street think of them if they were marched in procession through that quarter of the city? If an army of stock-jobbers could be mustered, and another of Bedlamites, and a third of poets, to which of the other two would the troop of poets seem, by their demeanor, to be most nearly related? To that question, I fear, I could not give an impartial answer."

The Boston Transcript says:

"Mr. John L. Motley, our distinguished fellow-citizen, is grandson of the Rev. John Lothrop, D. D., who was an esteemed clergyman of Boston from 1768 to 1816, a period of forty-eight years. During the occupation of the town by the English in 1775, his church, the 'Old North,' standing in North square, was torn down for fuel by order of the British Gen. Howe. It was built of fine oak timber ninety-eight years before. In 1779 his society united with the 'New Brick,' and has since been known as the 'Second Church.' Dr. Lothrop was a great grandson of Rev. John Lothrop, the first minister of Scituate and Barnstable, one of the most noted early Puritan Divines, who died in 1653."

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, January 31st, 1869.

WE have had here another season of those Anti-Slavery gatherings, so delightful and inspiring, (although making unusual demands upon time and strength), and so needful to arouse and instruct the people, even of Massachusetts. On this occasion, I am happy to say, the people gave good attendance and earnest attention, and seemed, in their donations to the cause, more sensible than heretofore of its immense importance.

First, we had the most delightful of weather. Two sunny days (I was about to say springlike, misled by the recollection of Thomson's "Come gentle spring! ethereal mildness, come!" but that term, considering what our spring is, would suit neither my idea nor the fact). Two sunny, mild, eminently pleasant days, with dry walking, and external conditions as if made to order, were the portion allowed to us. Note, too, that it began to rain about an hour after the close of our session the second evening, and rained half the next day.

It is a peculiarity of these meetings that, joyous and enjoyed as they are, it is heartily and universally desired that the cause of them may cease so soon that there shall never be another. Let those who dislike Anti-Slavery meetings take notice; we will cease to hold them as soon as you give us justice for the negro.

The lower hall of the Horticultural building, where the Anti-Slavery Subscription Festival was held last year, proved on this occasion too small for the comfortable accommodation of the numbers that came to it. We had a crowded meeting; but being all of one mind, all naturally pleasant people, and each glad to see every other, the inconveniances were as nothing. Then, what positive luxuries! Speaking by Mr. Weiss and Wendell Phillips, two original poems read by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, a most cheering and pleasant letter from John G. Whittier, the sight of Mr. James M. Sims, a colored member of the Georgia Legislature, with a promise that we should hear him on the morrow, the presence of so many of "the old familiar faces," and the inspiring presence of so many more, newly awakened to the necessity of earnest action in this critical period—all these gave us a hearty appreciation of the fact that it was good to be there; and when the heat, and the fatigue of standing, suggested the idea of refreshment, there were delicious ices, and excellent tea, coffee and cake at the side tables, by which not only the outward man might be refreshed, but the treasury of "the cause" more speedily filled.

Some of the friends of the cause who were unable to be present had sent letters, a few of which were read to the audience by Miss Josephine Ellery. Among these was one from Mr. John Oliver of Norfolk, Virginia, formerly of Boston. He was one of the first five colored men who ever sat on a jury in Virginia, and he reports—but his letter will, no doubt, appear in THE STANDARD. So, of course, will the spirited and stirring poem written for the occasion, and impressively read by Mrs. Howe. The remarks of Mr. Weiss and Mr. Phillips were, appropriately, in favor of unceasing agitation until the matters now waiting for settlement shall be settled in the right manner.

As the attendance on this Festival was greater than last year, so the untiring ladies who again sat at the receipt of custom obtained larger donations and pledges than on that occasion, amounting, (the *Advertiser* of the next morning said) to $4.500. This will enable THE STANDARD to reach a larger number of those legislators and men of influence who need its lessons without knowing that they need them.

The next day came the Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, which held three sessions, morning, afternoon and evening, in the larger hall of the Horticultural building, the other being retained as a place of refreshment. All these sessions were well attended, and the official report of the meeting, which has probably already reached you, will give you some notion of how excellent were the ideas advanced, and how well they merited the earnest attention they received. The readers of THE STANDARD know how eloquent are our own speakers, so I need not take time to remark upon them; but we had also admirable addresses from several persons who have not heretofore appeared on the Anti-Slavery platform. Among these were Charles W. Slack Esq., editor of *The Commonwealth*—who showed that he did not belong to the church by making an honest, manly confession of the sins of his party, and welcoming the criticism which abolitionists have applied to it—Rev. Gilbert Haven, editor of *Zion's Herald*, Mr. William J. Linton, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels, and two colored gentlemen from the South, James M. Sims of Savannah, Georgia, a member of the Legislature of that State, but expelled for his color by the white majority, and J. Willis Menard, a member elect of Congress from New Orleans, Louisiana.

The presence of the two gentlemen last named was felt by all present to be an unusual pleasure and advantage. They, the best possible witnesses of the present state of things in the South, gave plain and deeply impressive statements of the sufferings of their brethren there, of the disposition of the ex-slaveholders to renew their oppression as far as circumstances would now permit, and of the imperative need of radical measures of reform at once, while reconstruction is yet in process. Their appearance and speech declare them to be not only men, and men of no inferior race, but in mind and character far better fitted to hold legislative positions in their respective States than any of the slaveholding class there. They are men of thought, men of courage, men of action; and the hope of the South today lies in such men as they are, combined with such lovers of justice and freedom as may go from the North to join them.

These two gentlemen, during their stay here, were the guests of our excellent friends Mr. and Mrs. Sargent; but they also received hospitable attentions from various other gentlemen of this city. It was a matter of course that they should be introduced to the officials at the State House, and be shown some of the things best worth seing in Boston and Cambridge. But a more noticeable attention was the fact of their dining, by invitation, with the political Club founded, ten years ago or so, by Hon. Frank W. Bird, which holds weekly meetings at Young's Hotel, where are wont to assemble the most radical members of the Republican party. Here an interesting and extended conference was held with the distinguished strangers, though even this had to be cut short by the necessity of their accepting another hospitable invitation. But the *most* peculiar and remarkable circumstance attending their visit was the fact that Rev. Dr. Kirk, hearing that Mr. Sims was a minister, invited him to preach for him, Sunday afternoon, in the Mt. Vernon Church in Ashburton St.

I had intended, that afternoon, to hear Mr. Wasson's address (by the way your types last week made me miscall him David A. Watson), on The Relation of Individuals to the government, in the Sunday afternoon series at Horticultural Hall. But here was a rarer opportunity, and I went to Ashburn street. Dr. Kirk had not taken the trouble to advertise the preaching of Mr. Sims, (as he formerly did that of Prof. Stowe), and so the congregation was a moderate one; but, nevertheless, there were the two men sitting together on the same sofa in the great mahogany pulpit. Dr. Kirk conducted the preliminary services, and thanked God for the blessings his colored brother and his race had lately received, and asked for more of the same sort, without the least confession of the sins of himself and his church in that regard, or the least intimation that they had ever been on the other side.

When Mr. Sims's time came, he spoke without notes, and indeed gave an exhortation rather than a sermon, saying modestly that the limitations of his education, in a place where the laws forbad him to read the Bible, had not qualified him to expound the Scripture to such a congregation. He read however, and commented on, the account of "the Good Shepard" in the Gospel of John; and, drawing several illustrations from his Southern experience, told of the very different sort of shepherds that had been set over his people. One case that he had known was that of an owner of two hundred slaves, who, to prevent their going off the plantation to religious meetings, built a chapel for them at home, and hired a white minister for $500 a year to preach to them. And this minister understood the work for which he was wanted so well that he would spy upon the occasional clandestine visits of the slaves to the neighboring town, and report them to the overseer and get them flogged.

Mr. Sims spoke in a low voice and with a quiet manner, occasionally rising into emphasis, but never in the least approaching that ranting tone which is often ascribed to negro preaching as a class. Being a Baptist, his theology differs not materially from that of the Orthodox Congregational church to whom he was preaching.

As I saw Mr. Sims preaching in Rev. Dr. Kirk's pulpit, by his invitation, I could not but think—What a change since 1851, when the preacher's brother, Thomas Sims, was in bonds, in the Boston court-house, soon to be deliberately sent back into slavery, and when a deacon of this very church, being one of the leaders in a prayer-meeting, refused to read or to notice a request for prayer in behalf of the necessities of this Christian brother!

As the churches are now making such pretensions of having always been forward and efficient in Anti-Slavery work, it may be well to rehearse the precise terms of this request, and the circumstances of its refusal.

At one of the daily morning prayer-meetings in the Old South Chapel, early in April, 1851, in conformity with the constant custom of that meeting to make the cases of individuals the subjects of special prayer, the following note was handed in:

"The prayers of this congregation are requested in behalf of a brother who is now in imminent danger of being torn away from the religious privileges of Boston, and carried as a slave to Georgia, where the laws forbid him to read the Bible; also, that God would be pleased to arouse the churches of this city to a sense of the duty of *not* delivering again to his master the servant who has escaped from his master unto them."

This note was presented during the singing of a hymn. The leader of the meeting (Rev. Dorus Clark, still living in this city), having cast his eye over it, beckoned to Deacon Safford, who sat near him, and after he also had read the note, they held a brief whispered conference together, the result of which was that neither was the note read to the meeting, nor any allusion made to it, nor any prayer offered in regard either to Thomas Sims or the millions of his fellow slaves. And after the meeting, when he who had presented the note went to inquire the reason of this silence, these men, with others of the customary leaders of the meeting, joined in vindicating it.

Deacon Safford was one of the pillars of the Mount Vernon Church, of which Mr. Kirk was, and still is pastor. He was very eminent for piety, full of zeal in church-works, (prayer-meetings and revival meetings), and abundantly liberal to the instruments of church-propagandism (the missionary and tract Societies). He was, moreover, a genial, pleasant and hospitable man—to free white people. And it should be remembered, in mitigation of any censure which we may think due to him, that, in this refusal to pray for Thomas Sims, he was merely following, not only the settled custom of forty-nine churches out of every fifty in the land, but the deliberate counsel of Professor Moses Stuart of Andover Theological Seminary, given to those churches fifteen years before, not to pray against slavery in *public*. Probably, at that time, the Pastor and nearly every member of the Mt. Vernon Church would have joined Deacon Safford in refusing to pray for Thomas Sims. Now they join unanimously in a respectful hearing of his brother's sermon, plainly speaking of the vices and cruelties of slavery!

A characteristic feature of the case is, that no man can tell when they changed from their position in 1851 to their present diametrically opposite position. They have never taken any action upon it; they have never confessed any fault in relation to it; they have simply *edged round*, following the movement of the Republican party, and adapting themselves to a change in public opinion, effected by instrumentalities which they had always been opposing. Think of it! A church, calling itself Christian, *adapting itself* to an important reform in public morals, after finding that its consent and coöperation would no longer avail to uphold the immorality. To complete the picture, and the infamy, it needs only to be said that this church, and its sister churches, and their ministers, now impudently pretend to have always opposed slavery, and to have have been efficient agents in its overthrow!

NORTH.

AFFAIRS IN VIRGINIA.

LETTER FROM MISS CAROLINE F. PUTNAM.

LOTTSBURG, NORTHUMBERLAND CO., Va., January 16th, 1869.

THE great landed estate joining us toward the landing at Cone river, on the east, belongs to the Claybrooks. In our walk to the water, near the great holly trees we pass the stack of burnt chimneys, that mark the only devastation of the war in this region. Early one June morning our soldiers set the Rebel Claybrooks out of their mansion and burned it to the ground. "In the Christmas after Richmond fell, they turned all of their people off the land, with nothing but our empty hands to help ourselves with. But in two years they begged us back again." Henry Thompson, who says "although I was *free*, yet almost the only advantage I had in the slave days, was, no one could sell me and put me in his pocket," has hired *The Globe* of the Claybrooks, and lived there four years. Last summer he, with all the people living on the estate, had notice, if they voted for the new Constitution, they would all have to quit their homes, and be turned off the land. The election was not held then, and he with the rest, was hoping to be spared the distress of seeking a new shelter for his large family in this inclement season. But the day of doom has come in his case, and this week he has been compelled to move into the old log-house, near the schoolhouse, a miserable shelter, but heartily offered by the Freedmen, (who own it), to their persecuted brother, when he stated his case in the large meeting last Sunday. Another Trustee of our school, Robert Paine, with a bright interesting family, was compelled to seek a new home in the Christmas holidays. Also Mr. Thompson's brother, who like the other, is an honest, worthy man, but inflexible in politics. "We must lay close to them that helps to break the yoke off of our necks," they say, as do all the rest of these still persecuted and oppressed people.

The election will probably be held the fourth Thursday in May, when the vote will be taken on the new Constitution. The election at that time will be more favorable to the Freedmen, because their labor will be necessary in the busy season to their employers, and they can hardly afford to turn them off for voting as they choose. But undoubtedly every motive of fear or gain will be appealed to, to influence the vote; and the opposition papers are now expressing their confidence, that it can be kept on their side "as we have all the education and the property," they say. When they voted before for their candidate to the Constitutional Convention, Mr. Nash, they were offered houses for their life-time, if they would vote with the landholders. But every colored man but two in the Northern neck (embracing four counties, Westmoreland, Richmond, Lancaster, and Northumberland), gave his vote for Mr. Nash, who has been their friend and helper, and united them by his counsel and instruction to overcome so far the power of their oppressors at the polls.

They are burdened with taxes laid upon them by sixteen county magistrates, all of the old dominant class. Last year the tax was $4.25 on every man and boy over sixteen! Parties bought salt at Richmond during the blockade, paid for it in confederate money, and now these loyal people have to pay their worthless $15,000 back in U. S. currency! This is one item of the injustice that weighs upon this poor people who are struggling to build their school-houses, educate their children that they may understand their rights better, and improve their hard lot in life.

It was touching to hear an intelligent man say at his fireside this week, "I am fifty-two years old, and our rights are *so slow coming* I am afraid I shall pass away before that time." Such a yearning, longing look was in his eyes, such a sadness in his tone as seemed to condemn like a Judgment Day sentence the loitering, half-hearted measures of Congress, that have been murder to thousands like this man, and sickening hope deferred to all of his victim race! Once his impatience flashed out, as he exclaimed "it seems *strange to me, that those Northern men can't do more for us!*" He has been intensely interested in the narrative of Frederick Douglass; a doubly eloquent story, read amid these living, beating human hearts, who know how true it is; and who parallel his experience by tales of their own, comparing notes as survivers of an earthquake, or shipwreck might do. "It would be a mighty help to us, if Mr. Douglass could come and plead our cause before the election," said Mr. Blackwell. "All the old Rebels would come out to the Court House to hear him they've heard so much about him."

These people tell me sad stories how they have been buffeted and scorned for wanting to learn to read. Alfarata's mother, a gentle-natured woman, told me it was her duty as a child to dust the books in the case. One day she was attracted by the pictures in one, and opened it to look at them; when "my mistress came in, and was so angry, she boxed my jaws till the fire rolled out of my head," and said if she ever caught me again looking in a book she would flog me severely.

CAROLINE F. PUTNAM.

COLORED JURYMEN AGAIN.

NORTHAMPTON, Mass., February 1st, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

MY article announcing that a colored man had served as juryman in Northampton, has excited a praiseworthy emulation. Not being very familiar with the doings of the Courts, I did not speak with *positiveness* as to Northampton's claim of being the first to draw a colored juryman. It now appears that Boston stands first; Worcester, second; while Northampton takes her place by the side of Syracuse, the city which so bravely rescued from kidnappers a man who had the same name, if he be not the same man, as he whom they have lately put on the Grand Jury.

Robert Morris, Esq., who has given you a valuable historical article on the subject of colored jurymen, says I am sadly behind the times in this matter. I would ask Friend Morris if *the times* are not sadly behind the Declaration of Independence. It now appears that not until more than eighty years after the solemn declaration of the equality of human rights, has the colored man been allowed a trial by his peers.

Now that a noble rivalry has arisen in doing justice to the colored race, I would like to know who have the post of honor in the following cases:

1. Which was the first hotel in Boston, or any other place, to give colored men the same privileges as white guests?
2. Which was the first place of amusement to admit colored men to all parts of the house?
3. Which was the first railroad company to grant colored passengers the same seats as white travelers.
4. Which was the first church to abolish the negro pew?
5. Which the first church to choose a colored pastor?
6. Where was the first colored justice or judge appointed?

I believe that in Boston the first colored man was admitted to the bar, and in Charlestown, was elected the first colored legislator.

SETH HUNT.

LETTER FROM MRS. C. A. F. STEBBINS.

WASHINGTON D. C., January 24th, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

I MET yesterday a man who had been for years a slaveholder, who in the midst of the war was converted, through his affections, to believe that a slave is a human soul, a soul with divinity within—he had lost a babe, and a colored girl in the family had watched with it, and performed the last services for the dear object of his love, and had nursed his wife from the verge of the grave. Afterward she was claimed, and was to be sold; he rescued her and planted her in Massachusetts. He asked, was she black, was she white, was she bond, was she free? and the answer came to his inmost consciousness, that she was a human soul, and everything was reversed in his past life: whereas he had believed the slave was made to serve him, and that if he was insulted he must kill the man who offered the insult, and that his highest philosophy would lead him to kill a man calmly and fearlessly, he came to reverse all these assumptions of tyranny, and these codes of honor, and to acknowledge the slave as a child of God.

Now he is so far advanced, that he is advocating the right of women to the ballot, and the slave to the soil. Mrs. Josephine Griffing and self met him in Mr. Julian's committee room. He told us of the reasoning of the spirit—if I may so express it—or in other words his inspiration, that without women in the reconstruction of the State, man will sink to perdition, and government be wrecked, it is only through woman that man can reach Christ and God. I cannot give his fine expression of this idea—that woman gave the Messiah to men, and without her subtle and also purifying influence, there can be no true life nor civilization, no permanency to our institutions, no vitality in our religion. He has a lecture on the African woman in the United States. The necessity of her recognition by government and society, for the sake of the well-being of the womanhood of the South; also her right to a home—of course the former includes the latter.

I said to him if there was a woman in this country, who could understand his conviction and his theme, fully, it was my friend Mrs. G——. Not only was it native to her spirituality and her motherly love, but that her experience in an office for the relief of those who had been slaves, the sad tales of the Rachels refusing to be comforted whispered to her woman heart; the crucifixion of the holiest in their natures often unwhispered, but revealed in the sad speaking face—these were subjects upon which she had often dwelt. Mrs. Griffing told him it was all very near to her heart; that Christ died once for *all*, but woman died once for each, went down into the Gethsemane of suffering for every human being born into the world, *and there touched God*, as no man can. There she laid her heart to the heart of God, and through this bitter sacrament was enabled to lift man nearer to the Creative Power—to make his vision more clear and keep his life more pure.

Thus from unexpected sources in Monarchies and Republics, from intellectual and spiritual experience from man and woman come up the voices which unite in power, as truth is ever power—to claim for woman her birthright that she may renew the world. A part of her inheritance is the soil under her feet, she is as much entitled to a spot of earth for her home, as to the air, to support her life; and yet so poorly is she paid for her work, that in this city as in yours, are thousands utterly unable to pay for the *use* of a rood belonging to another.

CATHERINE A. F. STEBBINS.

LETTER FROM REV. HENRY HIGHLAND GARNETT.

AVERY COLLEGE, Jan. 19th, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

THE particular event that transpired in the late Convention at Washington D. C., and which gave great satisfaction to the friends of impartial justice, was the almost unanimous admission of a Woman as a delefrom Western Pennsylvania. The lady delegate from Pennsylvania was Miss Harriet C. Johnson, Principal of the Preparatory Department of Avery College, Allegheny City, in that State. Miss Johnson is a young lady of a liberal education, and possesses no small degree of energy and other qualities of a good teacher. The citizens of Allegheny appointed seven (7) delegates to the Convention and unanimously elected her Chairwoman. It was stated in the Convention that her admission was the first instance of a woman being received as a regular delegate in a political Convention in this Republic. This is a mistake—this same lady was a regular member of the Convention of the "Disfranchised Citizens of Pennsylvania" held in Pittsburgh, on the 28th, 29th, and 30th of December last. In both instances Miss Johnson received her honors entirely without any solicitation on her part, and while acknowledging her rights hesitated to accept them as a matter of choice.

The majority of the intelligent colored men of Western Pennsylvania have chosen for their motto these words, "Equal liberty and impartial suffrage for every American citizen without respect to race, color, or sex."

HENRY HIGHLAND GARNETT.

LITERARY.

THE NEW ENGLAND TRAGEDIES IN PROSE. By Rowland H. Allen. I. The Coming of the Quakers. II. The Witchcraft Delusion. Boston: Nichols & Noyes. 1869. 156 pp.

This well written and well printed little book is a defence of the fathers of New England from the charges popularly made against them of unjust persecution against Quakers and (presumed) witches; and yet not exactly so, since the author admits the fault, and the injustice, in both cases; but, thinking the accusations too severely pressed by many writers, and particularly in a recent volume by Mr. Longfellow, he avails himself of the public attention to these matters lately excited by that popular author, to enter a plea, if not in arrest of judgment, yet in mitigation of damages. His purpose then, more accurately stated, is to republish, from the records of that time, the provocations given by the Quakers to the Puritan authorities in Church and State, and evidence of the agreement of the whole civilized world in the idea that witchcraft was a reality, and its punishment a duty; whence he would infer that the ministers and magistrates of Boston and Salem, in the middle of the 17th century, were not *so* culpable as they have been made to appear.

The language and actions of the Quakers were undoubtedly very provoking; and the Puritan ministers and magistrates were the more easily provoked in those cases because they were clearly in the wrong—the provocations being, for the most part, only open declarations of the injustice the Quakers had suffered, and charges against those who had enacted and instigated that injustice. Our author admits that the laws against the Quakers were a repetition of just such tyranny against the minority as had driven the Puritans themselves from Europe to New England; and he further admits that those Puritans seemed in some degree sensible of the cruelty of their laws, yet went on to enforce them even to the extent of fining, imprisoning, whipping at the cart's tail, boring the tongue with a hot iron, banishing and hanging, rather than undergo the humiliation of openly retreating, as they should have done, from their false position. To us it seems that even Mr. Allen's defence does not establish very much in their favor.

Nor does he materially help those Puritan fathers in the matter of the witchcraft delusion. To be sure, England and continental Europe shared that delusion; but these men had established their western State on the the very ground of protest against the errors of England and continental Europe. They claimed to be wiser and better than those they had left behind; and yet our apologist feels constrained to admit that their treatment of the men, women, and children accused of witchcraft was marked by "cruelty and fanaticism," "Strange excesses," "obstinate blunders," and "wanton disregard of counter evidence and the dictates of common humanity." He proceeds to say—"We cannot disabuse our minds of the belief that some of the wily actors wilfully *plotted* to keep up the excitement, and took advantage of this fatal frenzy for objects of personal spite."

On the whole, the legitimate conclusion from the evidence here narrated seems to be, that the Puritans did no worse than the authoritics in England, in Church and State, had done to them. We agree in this conclusion. But is that saying very much in their favor?

The Woman's Advocate for February presents the following table of contents: "Two Women—A Picture," by Mrs. Caroline H. Dall; "The Battle of the Sexes," by R. W. Hume; "The Woman Movement in Great Britain," by Richard J. Hinton; "All the Year Round," by Mary R. Whittlesey; "Suffrage," by Henry B. Blackwell; "Remembrances of Moscow," by Mary J. Safford; "Duality," by David Plumb; "Political Justice," by Lucy Stone; "Large Roots—Ample Fruits," by Samuel C. Blackwell; "How to Train Girls," by Rebecca W. Brinton; Editorial Department, Home Intelligence.

Our Young Folks for February contains: "The Story of a Bad Boy," illustrated; "Among the Glass-makers," illustrated; "The Cat's Diary," illustrated; "Dunie and the Ice;" "Lost Willie," illustrated; "Navigation and Discovery before Columbus," with illustrations; "The Lost Children;" A Juvenile Play in five acts; "Red Riding-Hood," illustrated; "Utopia;" "Round the Evening Lamp;" "Our Letter Box," illustrated; "Music," with an illustration.

The English papers announce that the third volume of Mr. Browning's poem, "The Ring and the Book," will appear on the 1st of February, and the fourth and concluding volume on the 1st of March.

Special Notices.

SPECIAL PREMIUM.—PHOTOGRAPH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WE have arranged to offer as a premium for subscribers for THE STANDARD a life-like, beautifully finished, medium-sized photograph of WENDELL PHILLIPS, made for us by a distinguished Boston artist. We have had many calls for photographs of Mr. Phillips, suitable for framing, which we have hitherto been unable to supply. We have at last a likeness of him which we pronounce eminently satisfactory, and which we think will prove to be so to his many friends by whom it will be desired. Each photograph will have also Mr. Phillips' autograph. To all our subscribers who renew their own subscriptions and remit for one new subscriber ($6); or to any one who sends us the names of two new subscribers for one year ($6), we will forward, post paid, a copy of Mr. Phillips' photograph, the retail price of which is $2.50.

PREMIUMS

WE will send post-paid, to any one renewing a subscription for THE STANDARD and sending one new subscriber ($6); or remitting for two new subscribers ($6), a copy of ANNA E. DICKINSON'S new book, 301 pages, just issued by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, entitled "WHAT ANSWER?" As with her voice, so with her pen, Miss Dickinson pleads eloquently the cause of the still oppressed colored people. The story is one of thrilling interest, characterized by a noble purpose and high moral tone. It deserves, and will doubtless achieve, a wide circulation. Our premium offer puts it within easy reach of thousands.

WE continue to offer to old subscribers who renew their subscriptions and send one new subscriber for the year ($6); or to any who will send two new subscribers ($6); either of the following very desirable books:

Wendell Phillips' "Speeches, Lectures and Letters," 562 pages, with steel portrait—price $2.50.

Lydia Maria Child's Romance of the Republic, 442 pages—price $2.50.

Caroline H. Dall's "College, Market and Court, 498 pages—price $2.50.

THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO REFORM.

THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE will labor for the legal and political Equality of Woman.

It will also consider the questions of Woman's Work, Education, Wages and Social Status. It will record the progress of the Cause abroad, and aim to be a faithful index of all important Home Movements. A Literary Department will be maintained.

Eminent Writers will be regular Contributors, and articles (to be liberally compensated) are solicited from all friends of the Movement.

The January number contained articles from Frances Dana Gage, Lucy Stone, Frederick Douglass, Miss Kate Field, W. J. Linton, Henry B. Blackwell, Aaron M. Powell, George S. Burleigh, Rev. J. W. Chadwick and other well-known writers. For the current year, arrangements of such a character are in progress, as warrants the assurance that each number will exhibit an improvement in quality and literary excellence.

The February number contains articles from CAROLINE H. DALL, HENRY B. BLACKWELL, LUCY STONE, RICHARD J. HINTON, SAMUEL C. BLACKWELL and others.

A Prize of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS is hereby offered for the best Story bearing upon the Question; FIFTY DOLLARS for the second best, and TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the third best—the MSS. (not to exceed 100 pp., nor be less than 50 pp., of THE ADVOCATE,) to be submitted in time for award and use by June, 1869. It is hoped by the Publisher that these liberal offers will stimulate writers to a spirited competition for the prizes, and thus enable him to present some of the best serials ever offered to the public.

THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE will be issued every month; each number containing 48 pages, printed from new type on fine paper, and furnished to subscribers for Two Dollars a year, payable in advance. To Clubs of Four or more, One Dollar and Fifty Cents per copy. Single Copy, Twenty Cents. The postage will be Twenty-four Cents a year.

Editors of journals publishing this Prospectus, or calling attention to it editorially, will be entitled to a copy for the year by sending a marked copy to the Publisher.

All Communications to be addressed,

WILLIAM P. TOMLINSON, Publisher,
39 Nassau Street, New York.

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Miscellaneous Department.

THE DEAD HOUSE.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

HERE once my step was quickened,
Here beckoned the opening door,
And welcome thrilled from the threshold
To the foot it had known before.

A glow came forth to meet me
From the flame that laughed in the grate,
And shadows a-dance on the ceiling,
Danced blither with mine for a mate.

"I claim you, old friend," yawned the arm-chair,
"This corner, you know, is your seat;"
"Rest your slippers on me," beamed the fender,
"I brighten at touch of your feet."

"We know the practised finger,"
Said the books, "that seems like brain;"
And the shy page rustled the secret
It had kept till I came again.

Sang the pillow, "My down once quivered
On nightingales' throats that flew
Through moonlit gardens of Hafiz
To gather quaint dreams for you."

Ah me, where the Past sowed heart's ease,
The Present plucks rue for us men!
I come back: that scar unhealing
Was not in the churchyard then.

But, I think, the house is unaltered,
I will go and beg to look
At the rooms that were once familiar
To my life as its bed to a brook.

Unaltered! Alas for the sameness
That makes the change but more!
'Tis a dead man I see in the mirrors,
'Tis his tread that chills the floor!

To learn such a simple lesson,
Need I go to Paris and Rome,
That the many make the household,
But only one the home?

'Twas just a womanly presence,
An influence unexprest,
But a rose she had worn, on my grave-sod
Were more than long life with the rest!

'Twas a smile, 'twas a garment's rustle,
'Twas nothing that I can phrase,
But the whole dumb dwelling grew conscious,
And put on her looks and ways.

Were it mine I would close the shutters,
Like lids when the life is fled,
And the funeral fire should wind it,
This corpse of a home that is dead.

For it died that autumn morning
When she, its soul, was borne
To lie all dark on the hillside
That looks over woodland and corn.

—"*Under the Willows and Other Poems.*"

FAULTS OF INEXPERIENCED WRITERS.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

WE promised in this article to give some of the faults into which young writers are very apt to fall.

The first is, a sort of loose, wordy indefiniteness. This comes from not having an exact and clear conception of what they wish to say. They may feel interested, and even strongly excited about a particular subject, and have a general, vague desire to say many things about it; but their thoughts of it are brought to no precise, clearly defined point. Consequently, they go on with a loose, uncertain, rambling talk about it, as if they were trying to make their own minds clear.

Such writing may be useful to the person himself as a private exercise—it may serve a strong and unpracticed mind in the same manner that the fermentating process does to beer: it may enable it to work itself clear.

But writers must not expect to force readers to follow them through the process by which they get at their results.

If you wish to tell a stranger where Mr. Simeon Allen's house is, you do not describe all the huckleberry-bushes and sumacs and mullein-stalks that grow on the road thither, nor dwell on the mistakes and turnings and windings by which you at last obtained to a knowledge of that topograpical fact. But you put the fact itself in a dozen distinct words.

Now, this faculty of saying one distinct thing at a time, in a pure and simple form, unencumbered by unnecessary words, lies at the foundation of all good writing. It is one of the rarest faculties in the world, one of the last results of culture and self-discipline; and for which a person who intends to write cannot too soon begin to aim.

We were once travelling in a chaise through New England, wishing to find a village which we will call West Sutton. Seven or eight different times we were obliged to stop and propound to a man laboring in the fields the question:

"Which is the road to West Sutton?"

Out of the seven to whom the question was put, only about three appeared to have cultivated the faculty of answering exactly the question that was asked of them without unnecessary and confusing adjuncts.

One man would describe all the wrong roads with great prolixness, and tell you that when you had *rid* a little way, you'd come to a left hand road that would take you down to Josh Peters's mill, and then wound up by Tom Smith's huckleberry pastur'—but that *air* wa'n't the road. And so on for perhaps a quarter of an hour.

Two or three hard-visaged, clear-headed men took the question up, made a pause for a moment, as if arranging their thoughts, and told us precisely, without an unnecessary word, exactly where the road lay.

These were the men, other things being equal, who ought to be sent to the legislature. They had the foundation element of good writing and good speaking.

The next fault against which we caution our young writers, is to avoid what is called "fine writing."

Many people seem to think, when they take a pen into their hands, or when they go into ultra-refined society, that the ordinary good English which they have been in the habit of using in conversation is not good enough, and forthwith proceed to speak of everything in terms as far as possible removed from common use. They cannot think of saying "a house"—it must always be "a residence" or "a mansion." A man's mother becomes "his maternal parent."

In old-fashioned times, young writers, in this phase of their education, never spoke of the sun, except as "Phœbus," or the moon as "Luna." Now, however, they call the sun "the god of day," and the moon "the fair empress of the night."

They could not for the life of them say that a bird flies through the air, but it "cleaves the liquid blue."

In short, young writers are very much in danger of stumbling into what has been popularly called the "hifalutin" style.

Now, it is a fact that the simple language of ordinary conversation, purified from grammatical inaccuracies and conversational carelessness, is the best that can be got for the expression of ideas.

There is no better model of pure, good writing than the best parts of John Bunyan; such, for instance, as his description of the "Delectable Mountains" of the Land of Beulah, and the ascent of the pilgrims into the celestial city.

The reason of the excellence of these passages is that the ideas are vivid and poetical, but expressed with a solid, plain, homely simplicity.

It is to be remarked that that part of our language which comes from the Latin, though it is more high-sounding and harmonious, is generally less simple and definite, and appeals less directly to the heart, than that which comes from the Saxon portion.

The "paternal mansion," for example, is a Latinized phrase; "home" is a Saxon word. "Maternal ancestor" is Latin; "mother" is Saxon. "The domestic circle" is Latin; "our folk," Saxon; "our house," Saxon. Cannot the reader feel in a moment how much nearer the heart the homely Saxon always touches?

The old English Bible, which is the book most nearly appealing to that heart—the book on the whole, of the most perfect expression, for all valuable purposes, of which the English language is capable, is almost entirely Saxon.

In like manner that book which comes next to the Bible in its tender relation to the human heart—the Book of Common Prayer—is largely Saxon, and owes much of its power to the simple, solemn homeliness of language, now grown quaint with antiquity, and mossed over with the associations of ages. And I would say, that one who wishes to form a rich and simple style, ought to become very familiar both with the Bible and Prayer-book. Their influence for literary culture on the mind is as great as their influence on our moral nature.

A kindred fault with the one which we have just been considering, is the employment by young writers of what we will call stereotyped phrases—phrases that go floating around the community, and belong to everybody and nobody; such as "flashing eye," "eagle eye," "noble brow," "marble brow," "radiant charms," "silken tresses," "herculean strength," and so on, *ad infinitum*.

In regard to all this class of phrases, we would ask a young writer to read through some finished work of a real artist, and see how quite possible it is to do without them.

Take Hawthorne's *House of the Seven Gables*, for instance; notice how clearly and minutely he paints all his pictures of objects, and yet how entirely free it is from shop-work finery; how every epithet and every expression is chosen exactly because it is the one best fitted to represent the idea for which it is put.

When he is describing a wicked man in Judge Pyncheon, see how nicely he avoids all those melodramatic, wholesale expressions with which unskilful writers pile up the agony on their villains. One is an exquisite portrait, wrought in by a thousand touches; the other a rough daub, with terrifying whiskers of burnt-cork.

Another fault to be avoided, especially for lively and sympathetic young writers, is *insensible imitation*. A certain great controlling author, with a very pronounced mannerism of style and obvious defects, often so completely occupies the public mind, and strikes so many sympathetic chords, that all the young writers are in danger of falling into his faults through sheer insensible sympathy. What is to be regretted in this is, that nothing but the faults are reproduced.

Thus Byron, for a time, spoiled all the young verse-writers, who could do nothing but turn down their collars, strike on their foreheads, and declare their scorn of mankind, and their intense sense of their own superiority.

Then we had Carlyle, who imitated German writers and be-Germanized his own style, and spoiled the English style of nearly all the sophomores and many of the young clergymen in the country.

Now, as a general rule, a writer should take this caution: keep yourself from those authors who *impress you too powerfully*. If there is a general style that is running loose through all the literature of your country, and is coloring all the magazines and stories, try as much as possible to lift yourself out of it, by choosing for yourself resolutely, quite another circle of reading. You may be quite sure that the style formed by sympathetic imitation of any one will be a bad one for you. A style which is very tolerable in the original writer, of whose individual genius it may be the expression, becomes perfectly intolerable when seen diluted through imitations.

In this place, it may be well to caution the young writer to avoid all imitations of French literature. Madame George Sands says, very justly, that the rendering of ideas from one language to another is like undertaking to play on one instrument music which has been written for another. The same remark holds good with regard to imitating in one language the graces of another. The French language has a peculiar genius of its own, but a genius so entirely different from that of the English, that the best French literature is entirely untransiatable into the English. The attempt to imitate French in English, generally speaking, produces the most detestable of all literary mixtures.

That which in French dialogue has an inexpressible and airy charm of graceful, brilliant wit becomes in English mere vulgar flippancy; and an English mind undertaking to imitate it reminds one of the fable of the horse who thought to make himself delightful by meeting his master with the airy capers of a lap-dog.

A good English style must be studied from pure English models.

There are certain authors that you may study, admire, and even learn by heart, without being in any danger of sympathetic imitation. The reason of this is, they cannot be imitated. They are wholly free from mannerism. Like a perfectly well-bred person, there is no peculiarity about them that can be copied; everything is felicitous and just in the right place.

Such a style you may find, page after page, in Thackeray—simple, limpid, pure, with every word in its right place, and every word bearing the individual, peculiar shading that belongs to its usage in that place.

So, also, with many passages of Hawthorne, of Washington Irving, and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Another very common fault of inexperienced writers comes from their not knowing how to dispose of their sentences. Their sentences are a tangled, confused labyrinth, with a jumble of ideas in them which had better be broken and disposed into two or three.

The habit of introducing parentheses is one that young writers cannot be too much cautioned to avoid. As a general thing, it may be said that a parenthesis is never necessary; at any rate, the student should always look at it as a permitted defect, and make every effort to rearrange his sentence so as to do without it.

Finally, we will say that a young writer cannot do better than to study those rules in Dr. Blair's Rhetoric which treat of style and the structure of sentences. Like many old things, they are better than many new ones; and the writer who will thoroughly master those rules will take a long step toward becoming a solidly good writer.

Lastly, whenever, in writing, you come to the end of what you have to say, STOP, then and there, as we at this moment close this article.—*The Hearth and Home.*

Riches got by deceit cheat no man so much as the getter.

THE CHINESE AT HOME.

THOUGH Confucius is greatly revered as the founder of a religion that is popular and very conducive to morality and devotion, it is a great mistake to say that he is worshiped as a god or god-man. This sage lived five centuries before our era, and his teaching did not claim to be inspired in any way. It has the merit of being so comprehensive and simple as to leave scant room for sectarian disputations and subdivisions. Every sentence has a bearing upon the duties of daily life, and his book contains nothing abstruse or theological. Our most admired Christian precepts are in full accord with all its teachings. Rice is, in Pekin at least, far from being the principal food. Meat enters largely into consumption, and pork has the same preference among laborers that we see in San Francisco. They raise all our grains—wheat yields to their fine cultivation thirty bushels to the acre. Barley, Indian corn, buckwheat, millet, etc., are cultivated. Their spirits are made from rice and millet chiefly. Wages are about thirty or forty cents for laborers; but a cook gets only twelve dollars a year. It seems to us that other writers do not give half the above wages to laborers. Teachers get one dollar a month per scholar. Though opium is smoked and spirits are used in Pekin, reliable persons tell that in a long residence they never saw an intoxicated person nor a brawl in that city. Tea is taken very weak. A quick infusion is made that gives only the finest blush aroma. This is entirely lost in our way of making it which gives us the coarser flavor of the leaf. Small feet, after the deformed fashion of China, are not a general fashion in Pekin, and it is not, as supposed, a fashion that distinguished the highest race. The Manchoes do not dwarf the feet; but a class next below them adheres, and only to a limited extent, to the practice. Rats are not eaten in China unless to avert starvation. Killing female infants is a slander upon the Chinese. They do not worship idols in China. They use images exactly as some Christian sects use the cross and statues of the Virgin and the saints. No people venerate the tombs of their ancestors as the Chinese. Every man reads and knows the rich maxims of Confucius by heart. Every three years several thousand scholars come to Pekin to be examined as to qualifications for public offices. The examinations are so conducted that the student has no chance to get help from without. And the rewards are just. They take rank in the great book of candidates strictly in the order of their merit for competency. This system seems superior to our selection by political considerations, and it conduces to more permanency of the government.

"ANTICIPATIONS."

AND is the time approaching,
By prophets long foretold,
When all shall dwell together,
One Shepherd and one fold?
Shall every idol perish,
To moles and bats be thrown,
And every prayer be offered
To God in Christ alone?

Shall Jew and Gentile, meeting
From many a distant shore,
Around one altar kneeling,
One common Lord adore?
Shall all that now divides us
Remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day?

Shall all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union,
In a blest land of love?
Shall war be learned no longer,
Shall strife and tumult cease,
All earth His blessed Kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of Peace

O long expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray!
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?
O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on,
To pray, and hope, and labor,
Till the dark night be gone.

VELOCIPEDES.

HOW THEY ARE MADE AND HOW TO USE THEM.

THE velocipedes, about which the Parisians have run mad at the present moment, are of various kinds. Some have two and others three and even four wheels, all have either pedals or reels on which to place the feet, and usually either brakes or levers to regulate the speed. The two wheel velocipedes, bicycles as they are styled, are intended for the male sex only, and are by far the swiftest machines. They are usually of wrought iron, and have pedals or reels attached to the front and larger wheel, and the working of which, by a light movement of the feet, gives the requisite impulse to the vehicle. The saddle is poised on a bar of iron suspended a few inches above the top of the fore wheel. The hands rest on a handle in front of the machine, which, working on a pivot, serves as a balancing pole, the equilibrium being preserved by giving a slight twist to this handle. The brake, which at once stops the revolving motion of the wheel, is applied by the means of a sharper twist. Here are the rules which one of the most skillful amateurs has drawn up for the guidance of beginners:—

"Run beside your iron horse, leading it, as it were, with your hand, so as to familiarize yourself with its movements; this will be an affair of a few minutes merely. Then commence practicing with it on a slope, and after mounting it, let it move forward of its own accord, while you occupy yourself with studying the effects produced by the inclination which you give to the balancing pole or handle of the machine. When you thoroughly understand the action of this, place one foot on the pedal and follow its movements without assisting them. The difficulty with beginners is to restrain the unnecessary expenditure of muscular force; they ordinarily perform ten times the labor that is requisite. Next, repeat the experiment on level ground, having both feet on the pedals, and working them alternately with scrupulous regularity. Speed is obtained by simply accelerating this movement. After an hour or two's practice, the tyro will be able to accomplish a distance of from thirty to forty yards without running the risk of an upset. Should the machine incline to one side, all that is necessary to be done is to remove the foot on the same side from the pedal and place it on the ground. This can of course, only be accomplished when the velocipede is of a moderate hight; which, by the way, is the proper kind of machine for beginners to make their first essays with. To alight, both feet are raised from the pedal at the same instant, which has the effect of slackening the speed of the machine; the feet are then placed simultaneously on the ground without the handle being let go."

The tricycle, or three wheel velocipede, is easier to guide and safer to use than the bicycle; its speed is, however, less rapid; still it can be made to pass a carriage going at full trot. As the fair sex largely patronize this vehicle, the seat is more commodious than that of the bicycle; having sides and back of wicker, and horse hair cushion to sit upon. The hind wheels, though large, are light and revolve with facility; the fore wheel, which is smaller, serves to guide the machine, being acted on by means of the handle, which causes it instantly to turn in the direction indicated by the rider. The pedals are shaped like slippers which facilitate the movements of the legs, and at the same time admits of the foot being disengaged instantaneously. The movement required to impel the machine is a perfectly natural one; analogous, in fact, to that of walking; that is to say, without the slightest pressure of the foot and certainly without producing any unusual fatigue, for the motion of the leg develops itself, as it were, until the limb becomes fully extended, entirely without effort in addition to all these advantages, the largest three wheeled velocipedes have a lever which follows the line of the eccentrics attached to the pedals and fits on the axles. By assisting the movements of this lever, the speed of the vehicle is considerably increased, and a simple pressure against it checks the rotary movement of wheels and stops the progress of the machine. This lever is, in fact, both a means of impulsion and a brake.

Ordinary two wheeled velocipides range in price from two hundred up to four hundred francs, according to the completeness of their fittings. Velocipedes de lux mount up almost to any sum. Three wheeled machines are priced at from one hundred and sixty to one hundred and fifty francs, while smaller sizes, for children, can be purchased for fifty francs. The somewhat numerous *et ceteras* comprise the requisite instruments in the event of the machine getting out of order on a journey, with a lantern, a grease box, India rubber cushions for the iron bar in front of the machine, on which the legs are generally allowed to rest when not in action, and an indicator to mark the distance traveled.

The speed attained by the swifter kind of velocipedes averages from twelve to thirteen miles an hour; adepts find no difficulty whatever in accomplishing fully fifty miles within five hours without once alighting from their vehicles. A couple of amateurs making a tour through a part of France challenged each other as to which could perform the greatest distance within four and twenty hours. One gave in after having accomplished eighty-seven miles; the other went on an additional six and thirty miles, making one hundred and twenty-three miles in all. On the 21st of last September a party of nine quitted Rouen early in the morning, mounted upon velocipedes, and arrived in Paris in time for dinner the same evening, having performed the distance of eighty-five miles, exclusive of stoppages, at a rate of speed averaging between ten and eleven miles an hour. It should be understood that in impelling a velocipede the limbs are not constantly in motion, as on level ground when the impetus is at the average rate, or when the machine is descending an incline, the feet may be removed from the pedals and the legs be placed on the bar fixed in front of the velocipede for this purpose. A slight impulsion given to the vehicle from time to time suffices to keep up the speed. The ascent of any incline greater than one in twenty-five is said to be impracticable. When the rider, therefore, encounters a hill of more than average steepness he has to dismount and lead his velocipede by the hand, which he can do with almost the same ease as he can carry an ordinary walking-stick.

A FARM PICTURE.—What a vivid sketch is that which George William Curtis draws of some country homes. Alas, that so many sit for the picture. "I think (he says) of many and many sad-eyed women I have known in solitary country homes, who seemed never to have smiled, who struggled with hard hands through melting heat and pinching cold to hold back poverty and want that hovered like wolves about an ever-increasing flock of children. How it was scour in the morning, and scrub at night, and scold all day long! How care blurred the window like a cloud, hiding the lovely landscape! How anxiety snarled at her heels, dogging her like a cur! How little she knew or cared that bobolinks, drunk with idle blindness, tumbled and sang in the meadows below, that the earth was telling the time of the year, with flowers in the woods above. As I think of these things, of this solitary, incessant drudgery, of the taciturn husband coming in heavy with sleep—too weary to read, to talk, to think, I do not wonder that the mad-houses are so richly recruited from the farm-houses, as the statistics show—that the farmer's daughter hangs enchanted over stories in the weekly paper of the handsome Edward Augustus, with white hands and black eyes—nor that the farmer's son hears the city bells that long ago rang to Whittington, 'Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London,' ringing to him as he pauses in the furrow, 'Turn again, plow-boy, millionaire and merchant!'"

RECONCILIATION.

O LET not thoughts of sullen hue,
The hearts that were in union part;
But question straight, and answer true,
And clear them with a sunny heart.

The rain-blue wreaths that arch the dell,
And sweep the mountain's glassy sides,
Would slay its glory did they dwell
Forever on the darkened sides;

But sunbeams come, and breezes blow
The sluggish folds to snowy shapes,
Till leaves and dew-wet flowerets glow
On all the green and glistening capes.

And so, when friendship scatters pride,
How gaily heart to heart awakes,
Like two fair sails that fogs divide,
When suddenly the sunshine breaks.

IN the Garden of Plants, in London, the keepers were recently engaged in destroying a great number of rats, when one of them escaped and ran to the spot allotted to the elephant. Seeing no other refuge, in the twinkling of an eye the rat snugly ensconsed himself in the trunk of the elephant, very much to the dissatisfaction of the elephant. He stamped his foot, twisted his trunk around like the sail of a windmill, and then stood suddenly still, apparently reflecting on what it was best to do. Presently he ran to the water trough where he was accustomed to drink, plunged in his trunk and filled it, and then raising it, dashed out the rat in a torrent like that which issues from the hose of a fire engine. When the rat struck the ground, the elephant seized him and made him undergo the immersion and projection three or four times. The fourth time the rat fell dead. The elephant, with a quiet but majestic air, crushed it under his foot, and then went round to the spectators to make his usual collection of dainties.

THE great men of the world have been workers. Demosthenes was an Athenian blacksmith. Arkwright was a barber. In our own country, Ben Franklin was a printer, and was not born with a gold spoon in his mouth. He wandered about the streets of Philadelphia for work, with a loaf of bread under his arm, but kings sat at his feet and listened to his words of wisdom. Jackson was so obscure that it is not known where he was born, or whether he had any parents. Clay was the mill boy of the slashes, and carried his mother's bowl with meal. Tom Corwin was a wagon boy. Judge Mc-Lean was a newsboy. Men who have thus made their mark are working men—co-workers with the Almighty.

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OF THE

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To Monsieur Hudson."

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